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The Outlook

JANUARY 3, 1923

INVISIBLE INJUSTICE

ATTEMPTS to regulate conduct or to combat racial or sectarian incursions on public welfare by secret bands of self-appointed judges are always bound to work injustice, sometimes even to the "regulators." Thus in their fights against "invisible empire" Governor Allen, of Kansas, and Governor Parker, of Louisiana, are faced by the impossibility of telling what is done by the Ku Klux Klan and what is done by imitators trading under a false name, so to speak, —men incited by personal hatreds and grudges or factions which are at bitter enmity. Governor Allen says his mail basket is full of letters complaining of threats from the Klan, most of which emanate from individual would-be terrorists. Governor Parker in his action against the Mer Rouge murderers has a hard task to unravel the responsibility for the local feud-like hatreds which ended in ghastly murder.

There is, however, already evidence in the Mer Rouge case that Richards and Daniels were brutally murdered after being kidnapped by a masked and hooded mob; their bodies have been found and identified and an arrest has been made of a man named Burnett, who is identified by one witness as a member of that mob. Governor Parker has acted with firmness and has not hesitated to use the State militia to protect witnesses and detectives and to preserve law and order in a community that fairly seems to seethe with hatred.

Another recent event which is freely attributed to anti-Catholic hatred was the burning at Quebec of the famous old Cathedral, called a Basilica since the new Cathedral was built. The church officers have given to the authorities a written anonymous threat received not long ago, which declared that the Basilica would be destroyed and named a date that was within twenty-four hours of its actual destruction. Other Catholic churches in Canada (nine, one Quebec newspaper correspondent states) have been burned after similar threats. Now it is quite possible that these threats and fires may be coincidences, and still more probable that they were the acts of half-crazed individuals or a small band of fanatics. But it was inevitable, as we know of a secret anti-Catholic band of night-riders, that suspicion should even without evidence turn toward the Klan.

The destruction of this ancient Quebec church was a calamity from the historical point of view. The first mass was celebrated there in 1650—two hundred and seventy-two years ago. Its associations, ecclesiastical and architectural as well as historical, made Notre Dame de la Recouvrance unequaled in Canada in the regard of all lovers of things ancient. In the Canadian Parliament Mr. Suave, leader of the Opposition, said: "Would it not be well to question whether this fire is not the work of a criminal organization? That is in the air, and I call the attention of the Attorney-General to the fact that within a year we have had to deplore losses of that kind every month."

There is no substitute for law and order. No doubt there is something substantial in the feeling that there are racial and religious evils in this country that need checking. But the remedy is not in the hidden ways of darkness nor in the violence of "direct action," but in the clear light of public opinion and through the channels of democratic self-government.

(C) Underwood

THE SCENE OF THE HERRIN TRIAL—THE COURT HOUSE AT MARION, ILLINOIS

THE HERRIN MASSACRE

THE trial of five men chosen from among over four hundred indicted for participation in the massacre of mine officers and guards last June at the Herrin mines in Illinois is nearing its close as we write. It would be legally improper and also wrong either to forecast its result or to comment on the moral probabilities as to the innocence or guilt of these five men.

Whether the jury does or does not find their guilt established, the evidence of the prosecution has more than justified public belief in the savagery and bloodthirstiness of the mob action of that day.

Three of the mob's victims, two of whom had been reported dead and all of whom were wounded, were on the stand. From their testimony it appears that Superintendent McDowell and forty-seven men at the mine surrendered under a white flag which had been repeatedly fired at by the mob. What followed was described by one of the very few who escaped alive, Robert Officer. We quote his testimony as reported and explained in Associated Press despatches:

> After being assured of their safety, according to the witness, the forty-eight non-union men were led from the mine. The crowd increased, and Officer quoted one of its leaders, whom he could not identify, as shouting: "They're nothing but strike-breakers and we ought to kill them all."
>
> About a mile from the mine C. K. McDowell, the superintendent, was led away by two men. Other witnesses have testified that the crippled superintendent was slain at this spot.
>
> Then the crowd marched about two miles further, where the remaining forty-seven prisoners were lined up before a barbed-wire fence near a clump of woods.
>
> "We're going to give you a chance

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for your lives," Officer quoted one of the leaders as shouting, and the firing began.

Officer said he dropped at the first discharge, rolled under the fence, and fled while the crowd was hunting down others who had escaped the rain of lead.

It was at the wire fence that fourteen bodies were found, other witnesses have testified. Four others were found in a clump of woods near by, having been shot as they fled. Six fugitives were captured, witnesses have said, driven through the streets of Herrin and shot down at a cemetery just outside the town.

Other eye-witnesses also described the march of the mob and its bleeding captives a mile and a half through the streets of Herrin to the cemetery, of the refusal to give water to the gasping, helpless captives, and of the callous jeering of the mob.

We are not repeating this story of horror in order to harrow readers' feelings, but there are some things that ought not to be forgotten. One is the sinking of the Lusitania; another is the Herrin barbarism. In the latter is seen what industrial warfare may bring forth.

WE NEVERTHELESS DISAGREE

An official and authoritative communication has come to us from the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs concerning our editorial report of the bill to settle land claims of white people on Pueblo Indian lands in the State of New Mexico. It is signed by the Commissioner himself. Because of its official character we give it this prominent place on our editorial pages. It is as follows:

THE LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER BURKE

Department of the Interior
Office Commissioner of Indian Affairs
Washington

I have just had brought to my notice the editorial in your issue of December 6 entitled "The Pueblo Indians With Their Backs to the Wall." Believing that you would not knowingly publish a statement containing misinformation, and for the purpose of correcting your misapprehension as to certain features of the bill known as the "Bursum Bill," I am writing you.

Criticising the bill, you say:

> One feature is the transfer of jurisdiction. This transfer is twofold. It transfers the jurisdiction over some of the administrative questions from the Bureau of Indian Affairs to a court of law.

This is misleading. What it does is to definitely fix jurisdiction of controversies between Indians and others within a pueblo that might possibly be subject to jurisdiction of the State courts in the United States Court. It in no way takes from the Indian Bureau any jurisdiction of administrative questions.

You further say:

> It transfers jurisdiction over some of the most important questions from Federal courts, which are removed from prejudice, to State courts.

This is absolutely untrue, as the bill does just the opposite, and defines definitely that only the Federal courts shall have exclusive jurisdiction over every question involving the title to lands or water, and, in fact, declares that no legal question affecting the personal or property rights of any Pueblo Indian shall be determined in any court other than the courts of the United States.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. H. BURKE,
Commissioner.

The provisions of the bill briefly referred to in the passages from our editorial which Commissioner Burke quotes are as follows:

> *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. . . .*
>
> SEC. 2. That the District Court of the United States for the District of New Mexico shall have exclusive original jurisdiction in all suits or controversies of a civil nature, at common law or in equity, in addition to the jurisdiction heretofore granted to said Court in the following cases:
>
> . . .
>
> (*e*) All suits of a civil nature, at common law or in equity, involving any question of internal affairs or the government of any of said pueblos, including the right to hold office in said pueblo in accordance with the customs and regulations of said pueblo.
>
> SEC. 3. That the State of New Mexico and the courts thereof shall have jurisdiction over all lands and in all questions arising in relation thereto which shall have been segregated from any of the pueblo grants hereinbefore enumerated, by final decree, as well as also over all lands and as to all questions or controversies arising in relation thereto which have ceased to be reservations as hereinbefore provided, or which shall have been legally sold or disposed of by any of said pueblos or any Indian or Indians thereof, as now or hereafter provided by law.

The opinion of the Commissioner that these provisions in no way take from the Indian Bureau any jurisdiction of administrative questions or transfer any important questions from the Federal courts to the State courts is interesting. Controversies about the right to hold office in Indian tribes have been regarded as administrative questions. It seems to us that the law distinctly gives exclusive jurisdiction in such controversies to the District Court of the United States. Lands which have been segregated from the Pueblo grants are of great importance to the Indians. It seems to us that the law gives jurisdiction over controversies concerning such lands to the State of New Mexico and the courts of the State. The statement of the Commissioner to the contrary does not make it clear to us that the bill would do what be believes it would. We have given the provisions of this law *verbatim* on these points, however, in order that our readers may judge for themselves.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROHIBITION CONFERENCE

From their annual Conference, held this year at White Sulphur Springs, Governors of fourteen States journeyed to Washington to discuss the problem of prohibition enforcement with the President. At the conclusion of the Conference the Prohibition Commissioner, Mr. Haynes, said:

> In many cases the reports of Governors were of an encouraging nature, indicating very gratifying progress in making the enforcement of the Volstead Act effective. Numerous instances of lack of co-operation were pointed out; many instances of the inadequacy of the Federal forces were suggested. On the whole, the informal conference was helpful to both State executives and Federal officials who were present.
>
> There was a preponderance of opinion that an earnest official appeal for reverence for the law and a cordial support of law enforcement by the press would combine to cure the worst conditions reported.

The Governors gave their own views of the subject after the conclusion of the Conference, and these opinions ranged in character from the discouraged words of Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, to the hopeful and determined sentiments of Governor Allen, of Kansas. Maryland's Governor said:

> The great majority of the people of Maryland believe that the Volstead Law simply cannot be enforced there. Our people are imbued with a fine traditional respect for law and the established order, and we were effectively solving the temperance question by local option in the various units of the State. Under that method, when the people of a community wanted prohibition, they actually got it.
>
> The Volstead Law changed all this. Our people in the main regard it as an unnecessary and drastic Federal infringement of their State and personal rights. The lack of respect for law and the actual lawlessness which have resulted is deplorable. The only remedy I see is to recognize that the Volstead Law is destructive of the rights of the States, and to turn the whole question back to the States, so that each may settle it in accordance with the will of its own people.

Governor Allen pointed out that the present laxity of enforcement was to be expected. His prophecy as to the future success of prohibition lends support to

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LOOK INTO THIS BUSINESS THOROUGHLY

(2 Henry VI, Act II, Scene 1)

Hanny in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

A LITTLE AUTO-SUGGESTION AND LOTS OF WORK DO WONDERS

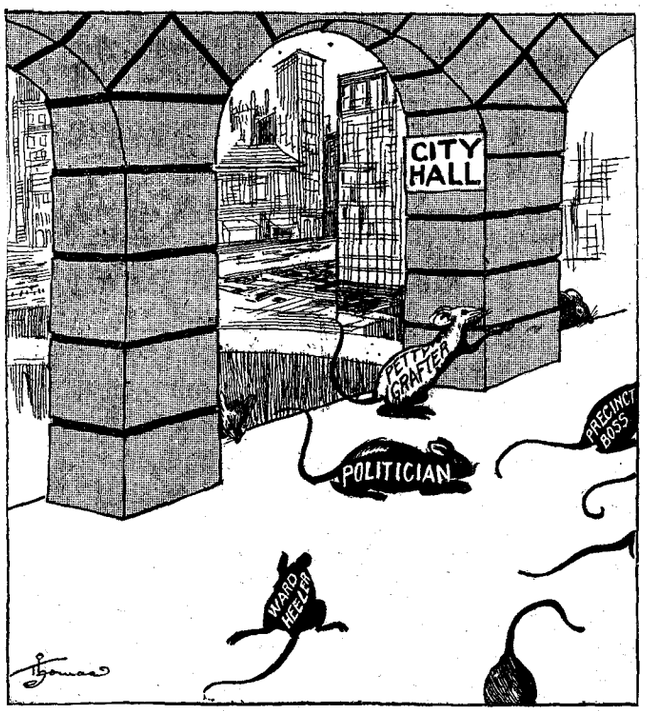
From W. K. Collier, St. Paul, Minn.

Canan in the Minnesota Daily Star

THE MODERN LAOCOON

From Wm. H. Wharton, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thomas in the Detroit News



THE CAT'S GONE TO WASHINGTON

From B. Crampton, Windsor, Ontario, Canada

From the Farmer's Monthly

Farmer—"But why should I pay? I didn't throw those stones."

From Evangeline Burns, Camden, N. Y.

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Chesterton's view, that prohibition has been adopted in America for the commercial advantage of employers. That the advantage of the employers is also the advantage of the employees does not perhaps minimize or prevent hostility to the Prohibition Law on the ground that it is class legislation. Governor Allen says:

> To-day Kansas enjoys a better degree of temperance enforcement than her neighbors because we are in the second generation of men who have never seen the saloon. Federal prohibition will become a National success when the business man realizes that the total abstainer makes the best workman and refuses to hire any person who takes a drink.

It is undoubtedly a most difficult undertaking to secure enforcement agents of high character and efficiency. Certainly the attainable ideal will never be reached until the enforcement officers are put under a Civil Service law which takes very directly into account the personal character and past records of applicants for positions. Probably there should be a complete reconsideration of every man now serving as an enforcement agent. His past income and resources, his present status, and the source of the increment should be rigorously investigated. Honest enforcement agents would have nothing to fear from such an investigation. Those who had succumbed to the temptation of easy money would be the only ones to suffer from the test.

A GOOD WILL TOUR

Dr. Robert R. Moton, Principal of Tuskegee Institute, recently made a "good will" tour of 1,200 miles through Georgia, the "Empire State of the South," 320 miles from north to south, 254 miles from east to west, with a population of 3,000,000 people, including 1,200,000 Negroes, who produce over $725,000,000 worth of agricultural products annually. Dr. Moton, who succeeded Dr. Booker T. Washington not only as Principal of Tuskegee, but as a foremost leader of the Negroes, spoke directly to over 35,000 men and women, including 10,000 white citizens, and indirectly by radio to over 100,000, scattered from the Canal Zone to Alaska. He reached fourteen cities and towns of Georgia within eight days. In his party of twenty-five colored associates were business and professional men who represented over $20,000,000 worth of Negro business interests—men who were "living witnesses" of the truth that the American Negro has been able to live by the side of the white man for more than three hundred years and prosper, in spite of some disadvantages and hardships.

Dr. Moton's itinerary included Atlanta, where he spoke in the City Auditorium to three thousand, including fifteen hundred white men and women; Washington, where Jefferson Davis held his last Cabinet meeting; Elberton, where hundreds of white and black people could not crowd into the Elbert County Court House; Athens, where hundreds of the best white citizens came through heavy rains to hear again "a brave Negro leader who speaks the truth in kindness;" Waynesboro, where hundreds of Negroes have migrated on account of the ravages of the cotton-boll weevil; Savannah, where Bishop F. F. Reese, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, made a vigorous plea for peace and good will; Brunswick, where a Negro ten-room brick school, erected as a memorial to the colored soldiers of Glynn County, was dedicated; Waycross, where white and black people traveled long distances to hear a "good will" message; Albany, where the members of the Tuskegee Club made the auditorium ring with their cheers and songs; Americus, where official representatives of the leading white business clubs were present; Fort Valley, where the "good will" tour was planned last May at the Fort Valley High and Industrial School; Macon, where the City Hall auditorium audience included nearly a thousand white men, women, and children; and Columbus, where a mixed audience heard Dr. Moton sum up his message.

"There are more clashes within the two races," said Dr. Moton, "than there are between the two races. The South suffers too often because the bad is flashed all over the world and the good, because it is not *news*, is ignored. The time has come when we should emphasize the thousands of good things that are happening in Georgia and throughout the South, rather than the occasional bad things. I count among my best friends many of the finest white people of Tuskegee and Montgomery, of Alabama and Georgia—indeed, of all the Southern States, as well as of the Northern and Eastern States. Never before have the colored people had more white friends—courageous friends, too—than they have to-day in the South and throughout the Nation. The best blood of the South has said that 'lynching must be stopped and that the courts must govern.'"

Dr. Moton made his "good will" tour on the invitation of the leading colored leaders and with the co-operation of some of the best white citizens. He went through Georgia with the definite object of cementing more cordial and helpful relations between the races. He did not set out to flatter or scold either race. He set out to tell his own people how they could make greater progress through buying and improving land, building up greater race pride, saving their money, and talking *to* rather than *about* white people.

Dr. Moton, after expressing his heartfelt thanks to white people for all that they had done to encourage and help worthy colored men and women to achieve success, pointed out clearly the need of having thoughtful white citizens put upon their conscience the equitable administration of existing laws as they affect Negroes who have to ride in wooden, insanitary railway coaches, live in sections that lack proper lighting, sewerage, water, fire, and police protection, and endure the terrorization of lawless whites. "Sometimes we forget," he said, "that to-day there is a devotion on the part of thousands of individuals of both races toward each other that is quite as sincere and helpful as it was in the past."

WHITE GOOD WILL AS WELL AS BLACK

White and colored leaders throughout Georgia listened with deepest and sincerest respect to Dr. Moton, who came to them with love in his heart and truth on his lips. Everywhere Dr. Moton was officially introduced by the white Mayor or his personal representative—not with mere formal words, but with expressions of kindness and esteem. The white man of the South is ready to hear the truth, even when it hurts; but he wants to be sure that the speaker is serving in and through the South.

Through untiring and unselfish service Dr. Moton, like his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Booker T. Washington, has won the confidence, respect, and good will of his Southern neighbors, both white and black. He speaks as a Southerner to Southerners.

"Both the white people and the Negroes of Georgia," said Dr. Moton to a correspondent of The Outlook at the close of his tour, "are as progressive as any people who may be found in any other State of the Union. Both races are as frank, courageous, and helpful in their attitude toward each other as may be found in any other Southern State.

"It was significant that all classes of white people were represented in these meetings—mayors and other city officials, educators, ministers, bankers, lawyers, and farmers—and all gave evidence of their interest in the purpose for which they were held.

"After talking with leading white citizens of Georgia, I am thoroughly convinced that they have never been more anxious than they now are to understand the innermost feelings of the colored people, not merely as a matter of idle curiosity, but with a desire of doing

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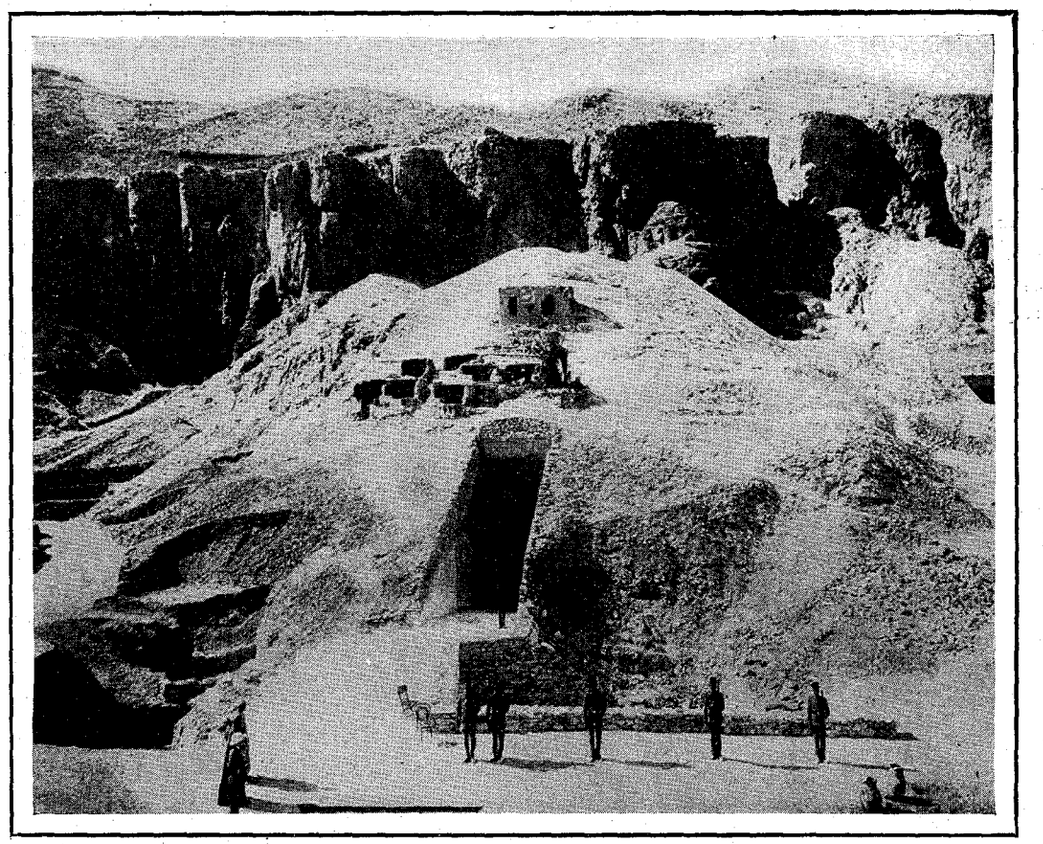

THE SCENE OF THE RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT

The gateway in the center is that of the tomb of Rameses IX. Below this, at the right, an excavation led to the chamber in which Tut-Ankhamen's treasures were found

whatever is best to better the conditions. We are entering on a new era of progress in the South."

THE MARVELS OF THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS

NEAR the ruins of the very ancient city of Thebes, on the Nile, lies its famous necropolis or, as we should say, burying-ground. City and necropolis were at their highest glory and importance about three thousand years ago. At the beginning of the Christian era they were in ruins. The necropolis, historians tell us, itself constituted a great city, with temples, schools, dwellings of the artisans employed, quarters for builders, painters, sculptors, and embalmers, and inns for visitors and shops where funeral offerings were sold.

In the Valley of the Kings, a part of the necropolis, were entombed a long succession of Pharaohs. Naturally, for many years therefore the Valley of the Kings has had a fascination for antiquarians and seekers after whatever may enrich our knowledge about the ancient civilization of Egypt and about its rulers. Many and important discoveries have been made, but that reported quite recently bids fair to be by far the most marvelous of all.

Unfortunately for modern seekers, ancient robbers also found the Valley of the Kings attractive. There was what we would call to-day a burying-ground commission in those ancient days, and they pursued the robbers and often caught and executed them. Yet of all the royal tombs which have been opened —and they are many—not one has yet been discovered absolutely untouched.

The Earl of Carnarvon, in a long cable despatch from London printed in the New York "Herald," tells of the discoveries just made by an American, Mr. Howard Carter, who has been working as Lord Carnarvon's associate for several years, with many failures and great disappointments. Mr. Carter is one of the most ardent of American Egyptologists, and he persisted in testing his belief that there was still a chance of finding some new record of one of the great kings. Even in the war time, when Mr. Carter was doing military work at Cairo, he managed to dig a little more every year.

At last, a few weeks ago, Mr. Carter was able to cable his associate that he believed he had come upon "a tomb closed and sealed." This proved to be true, but when the royal burial palace, as one might almost call it, of the Pharaoh known as Tut-Ankhamen was cleared away it appeared that some of the seals were those of the ancient burial commission, which had inspected the tomb after it had been robbed and closed it with their own seals. But, though the robbers took away much, they left much. Two large chambers were found crowded with furniture, thrones, alabaster vases, boxes of ebony and ivory, wooden boxes filled with mummified legs of mutton, ducks, geese, and venison, portraits of the king, chariots inlaid with semi-precious stones, and scores of other articles of historic and art interest. The robbers of antiquity had apparently carried away gold and precious stones, but what they left behind is the greatest find of its kind reported in Egypt.

Besides all these, what may prove to be the best and most important thing is still to be examined. The explorers have found the sealed entrance to a third chamber, and its appearance is such that they have great hopes that it never has been entered by foot of man since the royal Egyptian was buried there. If they are right, it may be expected that an account of the finding of the actual mummy of Tut-Ankhamen will follow, and there are exciting possibilities of finding new treasures of art and antiquity.

Another American Egyptologist of the first rank, Mr. James H. Breasted, who has visited the two chambers, or antechambers, of the Pharaoh's tomb, reports independently that the discoverers' despatches only feebly suggested the marvelous reality and that the impression is overwhelming. He adds: "It is a sight I never dreamed of seeing—the antechamber of a Pharaoh's tomb filled with magnificent equipment which only the wealth and splendor of the imperial age of Egypt in the fourteenth century before Christ could have wrought or con-

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ceived, and with everything still standing as it was placed there when the tomb was last closed in antiquity."

A TERROR TO BRITISH LAWBREAKERS

THE visit to this country of Sir Basil Thomson, K.C.B., who was formerly head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard and of the British Secret Service during the war, has exploded many ideas that amateurs have held concerning crime and its detection—ideas fostered, perhaps, by the big and bluff bederbied detective who is the terror of lawbreakers on the stage as well as the eminently successful criminal investigator whose habitat is the printed pages of popular detective stories. In the first place, Sir Basil does not look the usual conception of a great detective, and, in the second place, he does not talk like one.

Sir Basil, with a high forehead and beetling brows that stamp him with a quality of alertness—but hardly the "ferret-like face" we associate with such men—impresses his audiences first of all as an intellectual type. He appears to be the modest British gentleman that he is.

But what unorthodox things this great detective says! He declares that the detection of crime is a matter of intelligence, hard work, and—Sherlock Holmes to the contrary—luck. The real detective—heroes of fiction to the contrary—uses the inductive method and not the always dangerous one of deduction. Sir Basil states that drink—prohibitionists and others to the contrary—is not a chief cause of crime. He is authority for the statement that criminals are made, not born, and are brought to commit crime by the love of applause from a gallery and the fascination of taking a sporting chance. He asserts that beautiful women do not make good spies. He caused New York City to gasp with surprise when he said that the London policemen almost never carry guns, although they may if they wish, because the sale of pistols is so restricted in England that criminals have no guns themselves.

Sir Basil has been generous in his praise of the New York Police Department, especially of their handling of a traffic congestion that is unheard of in London. If he has exploded many fond theories, he has been generous in substituting facts—not always pleasant facts. For example, according to figures he obtained from the American Bar Association, one out of every 12,000 persons is murdered in a year in the United States; in England only one out of every 412,000 persons.

AMERICA AND THE OPIUM TRADE

AS Mrs. Wright points out in her article in this issue, the United States has been the prime mover in the international effort to destroy the opium evil.

Of itself opium is not an evil; the opium evil consists in the abuse of the drug. As a source of morphine and codeine it is a valuable and beneficent product of nature if it is used as a medicinal agent; but the abuse of the drug is one of the greatest curses that can fall upon any one. The victims of this evil are punished for their self-indulgence with a torture they seem never to anticipate, but from which in many cases they never really escape. It is as necessary to prevent this destructive product from falling into the hands of the ignorant or the weak as it is to restrict the handling of high explosives. No one seriously questions this.

If it were practicable, the control of this evil might legitimately be left to the domestic legislation of the several nations; but it is not practicable. If opium is produced in large quantities beyond the demand for its use in medicine and science, the excess in production is bound to find its way into countries that have laws against it and will go to swell there the number of victims of the opium vice.

It is therefore essential that excess production be prevented. Legislation to prevent the importation or sale of opium except for use as medicine or for scientific purposes cannot alone prevent the importation and sale of it for purposes of vice. For this reason the United States has a direct interest in stopping the excess production of opium in all parts of the world.

It has this direct interest, not only on account of the people within the United States, but also on account of the people of the Philippines.

We welcome, therefore, the news that the United States, following its own example in 1908, 1912, and 1914, has again chosen as heretofore to take part—we hope a part of leadership—in the international effort for opium control.

There is no purpose in this new action of the United States to interfere with the internal affairs of any other nation. Least of all is it the business of the United States to tell the Government of India what it should do for the benefit of the people of India. But India is the chief source of the production of smoking opium for consumption in other countries. If the production of opium were confined to an amount necessary for medical and scientific purposes, most of the Indian opium trade would cease. Those who consider this trade as a legitimate form of commerce naturally resent and attempt to nullify the efforts to control opium production. It is because there has been really no progress in the last ten years in the control of production that the world seems no nearer to the general prevention of this vice than it was ten years ago.

This is a subject that cannot concern any nation alone. It is a matter that can be dealt with practically only by united action of all the nations involved The opium evil is as great an evil for China or for India as for America.

The danger at present seems to be that the international action taken by the Assembly of the League of Nations as reported by Mrs. Wright has not only failed to promote the movement of opium control but has actually weakened it.

America cannot accept this injurious action of the League of Nations. She cannot afford to see her own work of the past undone. The sending of an observer to the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations is not to be interpreted as an official acknowledgment of the thwarting of American policy.

If the League of Nations can do nothing about opium except to undo what has been done in the past, it would be better for America to let this Opium Advisory Committee of the League severely alone, and take the initiative, as she has done in the past, in calling another international opium conference.

THE OLD NORTH AND THE NEW SOUTH

SELDOM is the "friendly critic" a welcome guest. All of us have in our makeups much of the very desirable instinct of the London shop-girl who was asked her opinion of welfare work. Her reply is something which philanthropically minded men and women should hang over their mantelpieces: "We don't want to be done good to."

In this issue of The Outlook we publish an article by Rollin Lynde Hartt which is a friendly discussion of that integral part of these United States which is commonly classified as "the South." We expect that this article will draw out severe criticism, and some of the criticism will probably be justified.

The South, the New England States, the Middle West, and the Far West—these are convenient bases for generalizations, but convenient bases for generalizations do not always make for

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accuracy of definition. We think that Mr. Hartt, for instance, in condemning one set of conventional generalizations has to some extent fallen into another. He has certainly generalized as to the Northern attitude towards the South, and generalized, it seems to us, from a feeling and attitude more prevalent two decades ago than to-day. Certainly, too, he has generalized from particular instances concerning Southern opinion in a sweeping fashion which lays him open to the proof of fallacy by citing a single exception. Here is one such generalization from his article: "In the South nobody attacks truth before breakfast. It might almost be said that nobody attacks anything." Such a statement as this is proved erroneous by quotations which Mr. Hartt himself makes. Dr. Weatherford, for instance, whom he cites, has certainly attacked social evils with courageous radicalism. As this editorial is being written Governor Parker, of Louisiana, is attacking the dangerous inanities of the Ku Klux Klan with machine guns and a company of militia. The people of Mississippi at the last election attacked and overthrew a vicious political oligarchy. In less dramatic fashion there are many leaders of Southern opinion who are boring from inside the citadel of tradition and accepted social conditions. Because of their acts old spiritual prisons are crumbling and old battlements of inherited privilege are falling to the ground. At the risk of making an unfounded generalization of our own, it seems that the significant thing about Southern life at the present time is to be found not in the deeds and words of individual leaders but in the courageous effort of the people themselves to maintain the underlying verities in their traditional life while reshaping their form to the changing conditions of modern times.

If their leaders sometimes appear too conservative, it is because they realize that to build well and strongly they must build slowly. They realize that there is no salvation in a mere social formula, that change must take place in the hearts of men else words are empty things. This is a lesson which Northerners who generalize on Southern race relations do not always remember.

As we have said in the note which accompanies Mr. Hartt's article, his discussion of the South should be as stimulating to Northern readers as to those in the section of the country which it attempts to describe and define. If Outlook subscribers disagree with its facts and conclusions, let them take it as the father of William James intended his attack on truth to be taken—as a stimulant for "Willie's brain."

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AN AFFRONT TO PUBLIC DECENCY

IN declaring that he will not longer oppose the reappearance of Roscoe Arbuckle in moving-picture films Mr. Will H. Hays bases his decision on the principle that "every man in the right and proper time is entitled to his chance to make good;" that Arbuckle's conduct has been exemplary since he was barred from the screen; and that at Christmas-time the slate of the past might well be cleaned.

This does not at all take into account the real issue involved. It is well if this man has repented of the dissolute and offensive courses that make his name and pictured face odious to decent theater-goers. It is well that he should "have a chance," but not necessarily as an entertainer and fun-maker for our young people.

The real question is whether or not his reappearance is an affront to all who remember the loathsome details of the trial in which, though he was acquitted, he was exposed to public shame.

A large body of public opinion answers this question in the negative. Their reason is not that the screen plays in which this man would appear are known to be in themselves immoral—that is not claimed; but that the shameful past should be atoned for by a modest, earnest attempt to live a good and useful private life, and that there is something revolting and abhorrent in holding this man up again as an amusing, even if vulgarly farcical, comedian—something that would work a bad effect on the moral tone of the community.

It is true that there is no such thing as a legal censor of performers, and that the old idea that the stage is immoral because some of its actors are not moral paragons is ridiculous. But there are occasions when the offense is so flagrant, the insult to decency so widespread, that those who have either power or influence should exercise it rigidly.

It is said that the public should do its own censoring by keeping away from whatever they think injurious, whether in plays or performers. In the long run they will. But the relation between the actual exhibitors of films and the producing companies is such that the matter is not as easy as it seems. For instance, four hundred theater-owners in eastern Pennsylvania protested against the return of Arbuckle "until the public demanded it;" but if a great producing company, such as handles the Arbuckle films, sends those films out other showplaces will accept them and compete against the first. It is significant, however, that there has been a general expression by associations of theater-owners in many States and representing many thousands of theaters against the reappearance of Arbuckle. This may justly be taken as coming closer to the feeling of the public at large than the desire of any producing firm or combination of producers who want to utilize their available material and who can in a large measure force their films on small moving-picture theaters.

The pressure for the showing of the Arbuckle films is not primarily from the demand of the public, but from the producers who have a financial stake in their release.

There are large questions as to the desirability and proper limits of censorship. But this is a case to be determined, not by rules of criticism or by local authority, but by the conscience and moral feeling of the whole country. When Mr. Hays was chosen as arbiter of a combination of eight powerful and wealthy screen producing companies, there was general belief that he would exercise a fine influence on the moral fitness of the industry, as well as on its art value and on its prosperity as a vast field of investment. No doubt he has done and is doing his best in all three of these directions. In this present discussion he declares that he will neither sponsor Arbuckle nor stand in his way. It is therefore for the producing companies, the theater-owners, any local or State authorities that may have adequate legal power, and the general public to render the ultimate verdict.

THE DEFEAT OF A CAPITAL LEVY

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM SWITZERLAND

YESTERDAY was a great day in the annals of Switzerland. By an unprecedented vote, both in size and in majority, Switzerland rejected the initiative for a capital levy.

The purpose of this levy was to permit Switzerland more fully "to realize her social duties" in general and, in particular, to provide for old-age pensions. They are going to be provided for anyway, and will prove a logical addition to the existing Government accident, illness, and other insurances, as well as to the Government's assurance of education.

According to the Socialist proposition, that part of every Swiss fortune exceeding $16,000 would be subject to the levy. Rates would be calculated on a progressive scale from 8 per cent to 60 per cent—

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this latter rate being on fortunes exceeding $600,000.

The taxes would be paid all at one time or in annual series, beginning with January 1, 1923, and with interest at 6 per cent.

But this is not all. The unhappy possessors of fortunes, according to the law, might be compelled to produce in their payments stocks, bonds, certificates, or other papers of value, and, in any case, would be compelled to show them, as would also the banks, all being liable to inquisitorial inspection. In its aim of reaching fortunes represented by these papers and to prevent their flight abroad, the now Socialistic state, according to the proposition, would order the stamping of such papers by itself, and even the stamping of savings bank and other bank books, unstamped papers being henceforth of no value. Hence this bold attempt would mean, not only the confiscation of private property, but also the suppression of individual liberty. It is surprising that such a crude, raw, wholesale attack was attempted instead of "the thin edge of the wedge."

That, apparently, made no difference to the Socialists—and when I say "Socialist" I mean Communist; the Conservative Socialists were not entirely in favor of the proposal. Those of the Communist variety were. Never in the history of this country have they shown more ingenuity in exciting the passion of envy among men. Their appeals to cupidity were clever. They made certainly remarkable efforts to incite the masses against the comparatively few thousands of fortune-holders. An untiring propaganda pointed out to longing eyes the perspective of "easy money." Nor did the Communists hide the potential political end of their project—the socialization of the means of production.

To spread abroad their doctrine and to emphasize their power they had recourse to two methods, the word and the deed. Propaganda by the first meant very many meetings, addressed by more or less eloquent orators. Propaganda by the second meant the use of a favorite means of action, the strike. For example, a strike among the printers succeeded in partly muzzling the principal *bourgeois* journals. Then came the menace of a general strike.

All this called for immediate and public investigation by the Swiss who were not Socialistically inclined. They admitted that there were two excuses for a levy on capital: (1) war; (2) the necessity for saving the state from imminent bankruptcy (Germany, for instance, might at this moment impose a capital levy if she is really bankrupt, as she pretends).

But Switzerland is not at war, and is so far away from bankruptcy that no one would think of it as other than an absolute impossibility. What would a capital levy, therefore, mean in this country? An attack against the rights of the individual, against the right of private property, against the right to save, against a free democracy, against the normal activity of business, against labor just as much as against capital, against general prosperity. Hence from all parts of Switzerland, from little mountain hamlets quite as much as from the cities of the plain, rose the defenders of all these rights.

Among those defenders the most notable were the labor defenders of labor. For the most intelligent members of the so-called working classes long before the end of the electoral campaign took account of the fact that the quotations on Swiss securities had fallen alarmingly because of the unreasoning fear on the part of many, aroused by the mere fact that a popular vote was to be taken on the absurd proposal of a capital levy. The decline in securities went all the way from one per cent to forty per cent. Many stocks and bond certificates were transferred abroad, where there was no present fear of such a levy. Finally, enormous sums were taken out of the banks by unnecessarily frightened depositors, mostly foreigners. In one week alone the banks lost some $20,000,000 in this way.

Not only were Swiss capitalists disgusted and exasperated by all this; the more intelligent workmen were also, for they recognized the fact that such loss of capital would reduce the borrowing power of the industrialists, and that this loss, in turn, would inevitably reduce wages. These workmen therefore themselves held meetings to enlighten their fellow-workmen concerning the real economic situation in its special relation with labor. It was not surprising, then, that, following this, many workmen saw clearly the real state of affairs and, though some of them were Socialists, they voted with the non-Socialist workers, "No." For example, in the most Socialist canton in Switzerland, Zurich, the vote was nearly 20,000 "Yes" and more than 100,000 "No."

But, in the clear view of these workmen, there was something more than the merely economic side, and it was well defined the other day by one of them, who said: "The law punishes a man who steals something from his neighbor's pocket. We cannot admit that a new law should steal something from the pocket of one citizen to put it in the pocket of another."

The non-Socialist Swiss—and they are in the overwhelming majority—are a sober, frugal, level-headed, wide-awake people. The word "capital" to them means simply the accumulation of their economies throughout the centuries. Without these economies, without this capital, there would be general misery everywhere in Switzerland. But society here, as everywhere, is cemented together by individual and property rights. Dissolve these rights, and you begin to dissolve society itself. And what would you have in its place? Communism. Who wants Communism—especially as we see it displayed to-day in Russia?

Certainly no real Swiss wants it. Certainly no intelligent Swiss worker with hand or with brain forgets that there must be capital in order to have labor, and that capital must not be taxed if the industries of the country are to be kept going; for it is a basic principle of taxation everywhere that its incidence should fall upon income, not upon capital.

The recognition of these facts decided the size and majority of the vote on the proposition submitted to the Swiss initiative. A great wave of indignation had arisen against the disguised "legal theft," a great wave had arisen against those who in pursuit of this end would break down Swiss credit. For centuries Switzerland has been a synonym for political maturity. Its vote proved this.

The vote exceeded 109,000 "Yes" and reached nearly 736,000 "No." Thus the Socialist proposal was rejected by a majority of nearly seven to one.

Nor was this all. Every one of the twenty-five cantons rejected it. Even a fairly populous canton like that of Fribourg rejected it by no less than 32 to 1, and some of the mountain cantons by no less than 50 to 1. As it did not succeed in any cantonal center of labor, like Basle, neither did it succeed in any such great municipal center, no matter how strong the Socialists.

They could not have succeeded in scaring orderly and economically minded folk as much as they did but for an indulgent provision of the initiative. According to the article in the Swiss Constitution providing for the initiative—imposing on the Government the obligation of submitting any question to a national vote as demanding future legislation—the signatures of 50,000 voters are necessary. Now when the initiative took its place in the Federal Constitution, the population of Switzerland was about two millions. To-day it is about four millions. The population being now twice as large, the number of signatures necessary to impose a vote on whether or not there shall be legislation on a particular subject should also be twice as large. Had this been the case, it would have been far more difficult for the Communists to try to turn Switzerland upside down as they have.

In the same manner, the 30,000 signatures necessary to bring about the referendum—or a popular vote on a law already voted by Parliament—should be raised from 30,000 to 60,000. Each of these laws calls for a majority, not only of the popular vote, but also of the vote by cantons.

Yesterday's event here should echo around the world, but especially in England, where the Labor Party is now practically the Socialist Party and frankly avows its belief in a capital levy.

So far as Switzerland is concerned, she can now take a long breath. She has risen triumphantly above Communist menaces and will doubtless quickly return to her habituál serenity.

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Lausanne, December 4, 1922.

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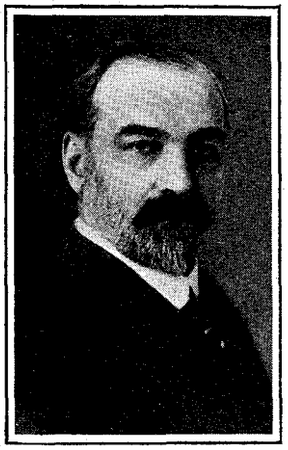
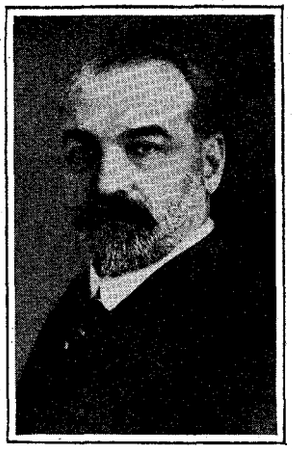


SIR DONALD MANN
Former Vice-President Canadian Northern Railway



SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE
Former President Canadian Northern Railway

"Mackenzie and Mann were well paired; each was a master in his own field. Mackenzie was the financier, Mann the builder"

TOM MOORE
President of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress and a member of the Canadian National Railways Board of Directors

HON. W. C. KENNEDY
of Windsor, Ontario, Minister of Railways and Canals, whose task has been the coordination of Canada's national railway systems

CANADA'S GREAT RAILWAY EXPERIMENT

BY D. M. LE BOURDAIS

THE people of Canada are behind the National Railway system, and it would go hard with any Government which did not give the experiment the very best chance. It is now no uncommon thing anywhere in Canada to hear a man say: "I'm going to travel 'National' because I've a stake in that road." And the number of those who really believe that the day will come at no very distant date when the National Railways shall prove a great asset to the Canadian people grows from day to day, while many not so optimistic from a financial point of view welcome nationalization as the most effective means of eliminating that most sinister influence in the public life of the nation, the railway lobby.

When, quite recently, Major-General Sir Henry Thornton accepted the Presidency of the Canadian National Railway system, an English newspaper declared that Sir Henry, an enthusiastic golfer, was about to engage in the greatest game of his life—a twosome with E. W. Beattie, the able and efficient President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the greatest and most successful privately owned railway in the world, as his opponent, with all of Canada for a links, and with the whole world as spectators.

But this contest between two giants in the railway world is significant for a much greater reason: it will be the most comprehensive test of the comparative merits of public and private ownership that has yet been undertaken in any country; and its results cannot fail to have an important bearing upon the future history of railways the world over.

Sir Henry Thornton comes to his new task with a splendid record of achievement. He received his railway training with the Pennsylvania Railroad, entering the service of that company as a draughtsman in 1894, and rising by rapid strides to the position of general superintendent of its Long Island branch in 1911.

Just before the outbreak of the World War in 1914 Sir Henry was called to England to become general manager of the Great Eastern Railway, probably the greatest passenger-carrying railway in the world. The war provided further opportunities for distinguished service, and Sir Henry served in various capacities, finally being placed in charge of British army transportation on the Continent with the rank of major-general. In 1919 he became a British subject, and a few months later was knighted.

SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON, PRESIDENT CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Many as have been the problems with which Sir Henry has so successfully dealt in the past, they are as nothing when compared with the magnitude of the task which he has now undertaken.

His problem is to operate a railway system aggregating about fifty-two per cent of the railway mileage of Canada—or over 22,000 miles—mainly composed of two separate transcontinental lines built to compete one with the other, and which therefore duplicate each other through thousands of miles of territory, a great deal of which can barely support one line of railway; a system whose total cost to the people of Canada is variously estimated at from $1,300,000,000 to $1,500,000,000, and upon which a fair rate of return cannot reasonably be expected for many years to come, if at all.

The war, which is blamed for many things, was immediately responsible for Canada's embarkation upon such a large-scale experiment, but the seeds of the trouble had been sown long before; and undoubtedly the war but hastened a course which must have been inevitable in view of the methods that had been pursued by over-enthusiastic railway promoters, encouraged, it must be admitted, both by Governments and by the people.

While the Government had operated certain railway lines ever since the inception of the Dominion, notably the Intercolonial between Halifax and Montreal, which was built as part of the federal agreement, the first step which marked a new departure was taken in 1917, when the 9,000-odd miles of lines constituting the Canadian Northern Railway were acquired. Mention of this road brings in the names of two of the

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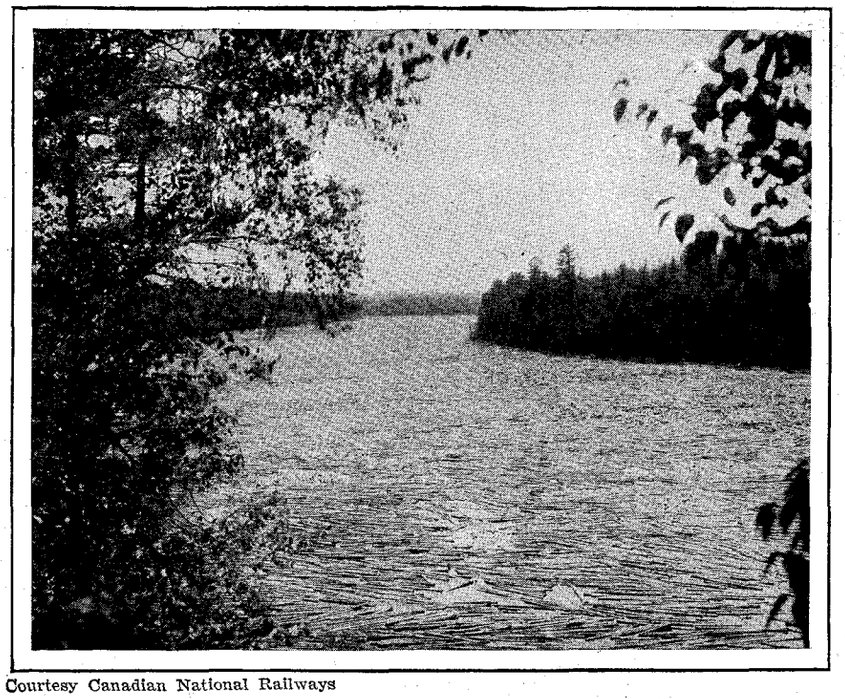

Courtesy Canadian National Railways

A MILLION FEET OF LOGS ON ONE OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK RIVERS, A SAMPLE OF CANADA'S RESOURCES

most remarkable individuals in the whole history of transportation.

William Mackenzie and Donald Mann —both of whom were subsequently knighted—were railway contractors who gained control of a paper railway in the prairie province of Manitoba in 1896, and by the end of that year had completed and placed in operation 125 miles of line. Other dormant charters were quickly acquired and additional mileage almost as quickly built. It was at a time when the Canadian prairies were filling rapidly with settlers; construction on the level plains was not unduly expensive, and traffic followed fast upon its heels. Within a few years the vast territory lying between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains was ribbed with lines of steel.

Mackenzie and Mann were well paired; each was a master in his own field. Mackenzie was the financier, Mann the builder. Each year Mackenzie visited the money markets of the world, and invariably was successful, no matter whether money was plentiful or scarce. Not only did he levy tribute upon the money barons, but he became a familiar figure in the lobbies of the legislative halls of the Dominion; the federal administration, provincial governments, and even municipalities were repeatedly approached for financial or other assistance, and very rarely without results.

From 1896 to 1914 these two arch "mendicants," as they were characterized by a well-known member of Parliament in a historic debate in the House of Commons at Ottawa, secured from the people of Canada in the form of land grants, cash subsidies, and bond guaranties a sum in excess of $280,000,000.

Meanwhile Mann had kept the crews going in the construction camps, and it was chiefly due to his genius in this direction that the Canadian Northern grew within such a short time from a few miles of rusty track to a transcontinental system reaching from Quebec City to the shores of the Pacific, with branches tapping the most productive portions of the Dominion.

The activities of Mackenzie and Mann were by no means confined to railway building and operation; there was not a natural resource from the fishes of the ocean to the fur-bearing animals of the far North that they did not seek to control; lands, coal mines, timberlands, sawmills, water powers, street railways, electric light and power franchises, newspapers, and a host of other undertakings covering practically every avenue of endeavor were acquired by these two enterprising magnates and their followers. The firm of Mackenzie & Mann, Limited, as contractors, built the Canadian Northern Railway, the entire common stock of which was controlled by Mackenzie and Mann. The firm also acted as financial agents for the company.

Even Canada was not large enough to contain their boundless ambition; their interests are said to have extended to Mexico and to the republics of Central and South America.

Such a state of affairs could not continue indefinitely. During times of expansion, when money was plentiful, it might perhaps succeed for a time, but a reaction was bound to come sooner or later. That time came. In 1913, in spite of all the money which had been poured into their coffers by the Canadian people, Mackenzie and Mann appealed again to the Dominion Government for aid. They required, they said, only $15,000,000 to complete the construction of their road. The loan was granted; but the following year Mackenzie and Mann were back again, this time beseeching the Government to guarantee the company's bonds to the amount of $45,000,000. This, too, was granted.

Then came the war. It soon became increasingly evident that the men who had conceived and built the Canadian Northern Railway had failed in its operation; its roadbed and equipment were hopelessly run down; its credit was gone; it had become a byword with the traveling public; the morale of its employees was at a low ebb; and conditions were growing rapidly worse.

The Government were faced with three principal courses: they could let the road go into liquidation; they could continue to lend Mackenzie and Mann ever-increasing millions; or they could assume the control and operation of the railway as a national enterprise. The only practicable solution seemed for the Government to acquire full ownership and control. And this was done.

The Grand Trunk system was taken over by the Government in 1919. Its story differs considerably from that of the Canadian Northern, although the failure of both may be laid to excessive ambition. In the case of the Grand Trunk, however, its owners confined their ambitions exclusively to the railway field.

The Grand Trunk was one of the oldest railways in Canada, with most of its mileage in the more populous provinces of Ontario and Quebec and an ocean terminus at Portland, Maine. But in the early years of the present century its owners viewed with a certain amount of envy the manner in which the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern were dividing between them the rich traffic of the western prairies.

The late Charles M. Hays, an energetic American, was at this time at the head of the Grand Trunk in Canada. He saw visions of the Grand Trunk, too, with a foot on either ocean.

The Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at the zenith of its popularity; the country was flushed with prosperity; immigrants were pouring into the country in yearly increasing numbers; and hopes were high. The Liberals wished to build a great transcontinental road, an enterprise which they hoped would one day redound to their own credit and become an enduring memorial to their revered chief, even as the Canadian Pacific had justly been claimed as a monument to the Conservative chieftain, Sir John Macdonald.

It was therefore not difficult for the Grand Trunk to conclude an arrangement with the Government, and in due course the dream of Charles M. Hays—who lost his life on the Titanic before that time arrived—became a reality. But the future had been too greatly discounted. The new lines had been built through territory that is still sparsely settled even after almost twenty years. First the Government was compelled to take over the newly built portions, and

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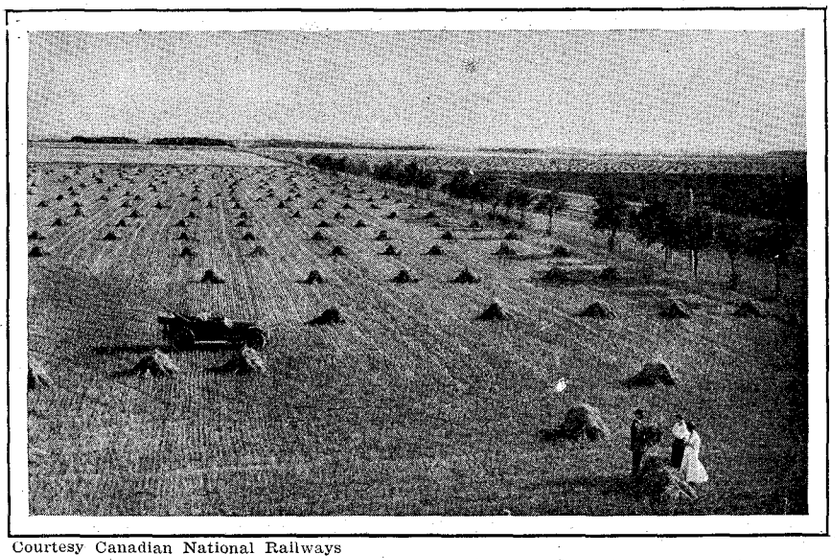
then in 1919 it became necessary to take over the whole Grand Trunk system. And that is how Canada came into possession of what constitutes the greatest nationally owned railway system in the world.

Over fifteen hundred miles of the Canadian National system are in the United States, and it may seem strange to readers in the United States that the people in certain parts of Michigan, Maine, and other Northeastern States should be largely dependent upon transportation facilities owned by a foreign government, but the situation is no different in reality from what it was when the roads were under private ownership. These lines—as is also the case with those in Canada—are operated under their original charters, which have been assumed by the Canadian National Railways as a holding company, and the roads are no less amenable to the regulatory laws of the United States than before.

The Conservative party under Sir Robert Borden was in power in 1917, when the first step in the present experiment was made. Now, the Conservatives as a party had not been identified in the past with the advocacy of Government ownership of railways, but the exigencies of the situation rendered it necessary for them to adopt it under the circumstances. The Liberals, on the other hand, being in Opposition at the time, and the business of the Opposition being to oppose, became identified with those who were antagonistic to Government ownership, and passed insensibly from opposition to nationalization in the particular instance to opposition to Government ownership in general. The same thing happened two years later when the Grand Trunk acquisition was being discussed in Parliament; the Conservatives had by this time become more definitely than ever aligned upon the side of Government ownership, while the Liberals had, if anything, become more conspicuously opposed to it. Opinion was by no means unanimous within either party for or against, but the foregoing gives the respective official policies of the two major political parties at that time.

In fact, the subject played quite a prominent part in the election campaign of 1921. The Conservatives used the railways as an argument in favor of their continuation in office. They said



Courtesy Canadian National Railways

A MANITOBA WHEAT FIELD HARVEST AWAITING TRANSPORTATION

in effect: "This railway experiment is only beginning. We have had to expend hundreds of millions of dollars of the people's money on betterments and improvements that should have been made long ago. We believe that the National Railways can be converted into a great asset, but they must be given a fair chance. The Liberals, however, have been opposed to the project from the start, and if they are elected to office will either so mismanage them as to cause the experiment to fail or else will hand them over to private control."

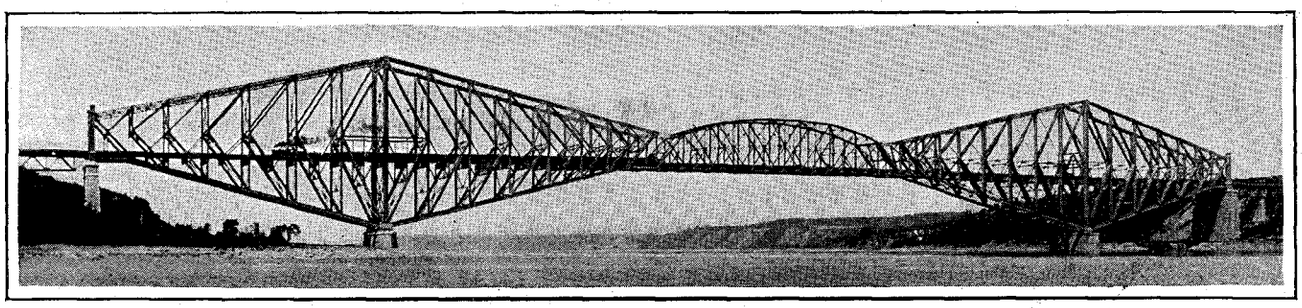
The Liberals, on their part, declared that they would, if returned to power, give national ownership a fair trial. This was the attitude of the Liberals as a party, but it must be admitted that many individuals within the party were at no pains to conceal their disbelief in and hostility to national ownership. In the province of Quebec, especially in the city of Montreal, this was particularly evident. Here Sir Lomer Gouin, a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway and other large corporations, an avowed opponent of Government ownership, led the attack.

The Liberal leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, on the other hand, was generally believed to be in favor of national ownership; but further than to declare his intention to give the experiment a fair trial if elected to office, he was not very definite on the subject.

The third party, the National Progressives, or agrarians, who were very strong on the prairies, not only declared emphatically in favor of national ownership of railways, but their platform went so far as to advocate the nationalization of coal mines as well.

With the elevation of the Liberals to office much interest was naturally manifested in their attitude towards the railways, particularly as Sir Lomer Gouin had become a member of the Cabinet, and in some quarters was looked upon as being almost the power behind the throne. In their statement to Parliament at the opening of the first session, however, the new Government declared their intention to co-ordinate the national roads under one board of directors and to weld the various units as nearly as possible into one harmonious system. It was further announced that the most capable railway executive who could be procured would be placed at the head of the consolidated system, with full authority to manage it free from political interference. The new Minister of Railways, Mr. W. C. Kennedy, immediately began this task. Months passed, however, and, although the names of most of the eligible railway executives in Canada and the United States were canvassed by the newspapers from time to time, no appointment was made; the Government seemed to be having difficulty in getting the proper man.

The Government's problem was a difficult one; men capable of handling such



NEW QUEBEC BRIDGE, WHICH FORMS A CONNECTING LINK IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The main span is the longest in the world, being 1,800 feet from center to center of piers. It cost over $15,000,000

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a great organization are not easily found. Undoubtedly, such a man could have been secured from the ranks of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but then it would immediately have been said that the national roads were being thrown into the hands of their principal competitors. There were doubtless many suitable men in the United States, and it was generally believed that one of these would eventually be selected; but here again there was the possibility of the charge being brought against the Government that they were throwing the national roads into the hands of the "Yankees"—for some people have not yet forgotten 1911! Of course there was always the alternative of retaining the man who had been at the head of the system since 1917—Mr. D. B. Hanna—but he had been Vice-President under Mackenzie, and public opinion was strongly against the retention of any one in such an important position who had been so close to the "old crowd." Finally, when even some of the Government's supporters were beginning to become impatient, the announcement of Sir Henry Thornton's appointment was made. At the same time the personnel of the Board of Directors was also announced. It consisted of eight representative business and professional men selected from various sections of the Dominion. These appointments have met with general approval.

One innovation which may possibly have far-reaching effects was the appointment to the Board of Directors of Mr. Tom Moore, President of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, the official head of organized labor in Canada. This was in conformity with the well-known views of Premier King in regard to the rights of labor. As Sir Henry Thornton is reputed to be very successful in his relations with labor, the Canadian National Railways should start under favorable auspices in this respect, at any rate.

And there has been a very noticeable change in opinion throughout the Dominion regarding the whole question of railway nationalization. The Conservatives are in favor of it, because it was inaugurated by them; the Liberals are now determined to make it a success if at all possible, because their own success is bound up with it; and of course the agrarians are solidly for it.

THE OPIUM QUESTION[1]

BY ELIZABETH WASHBURNE WRIGHT

ADVISER TO THE OPIUM COMMITTEE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

IT is reported that the United States has decided to send an observer to be present at the next meeting of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations. This is a very significant step, and shows that America is at last awake to the seriousness of the drug menace which is spreading over the world. Since the closing of the Third International Opium Conference at The Hague in 1914 this Government has but indirectly concerned itself in a movement for which it was so directly responsible. This has resulted in the leadership gradually slipping from us, and while we have hesitated as how best to resume its direction the movement has been diverted into channels foreign to the original intentions of this Government.

It is true that the domestic aspect of the drug question has not been ignored, the last addition to our series of laws being the Jones-Miller Bill. This is an amendment to a law already in force, and, while it strengthens that law, it brings us little nearer to the real source of the trouble.

The opium question is not at base a domestic but an international question, and if it is to be solved it must be approached from this angle. Obviously no domestic legislation passed by the United States can restrict the overproduction of opium in Persia, in Turkey, in India, and on a smaller scale in Serbia. Nor can it reach out and restrain a like over-cultivation of cocaine in Peru and Bolivia. We have at hand, however, an admirable instrument prepared for this precise purpose. This is of course the Opium Convention of 1912, drawn up at the Second International Opium Conference, held at The Hague, under America's direct guidance.

[1] See editorial comment.—The Editors.

While the American Government was actively interested in the movement admirable results were achieved. The entrance of America upon the Far Eastern stage was undoubtedly a factor in the bringing to an end of the century-old Indo-China opium trade. China's extraordinary success in eradicating the poppy from her soil was a reaction to this same influence. It is exactly this moral and compelling force which the movement now lacks, and which must be restored if America as well as the rest of the world is to be protected from an ever-increasing danger.

President Roosevelt recognized that the opium question was an international question, and in 1908 called an international commission composed of nations most directly interested in the trade and production of opium to meet in Shanghai to devise some means by which this troublesome problem could be solved. Three International Conferences held at The Hague followed this meeting, during which period the movement advanced by leaps and bounds. By 1914 every nation in the world but two—Turkey and Serbia—had either signed or ratified the Convention and the elimination of one of the world's greatest evils seemed at hand. The war, however, intervened, and opium reform, with other constructive movements, was not only halted but gradually threatened with disintegration. Selfish nations and interests, including our own, took advantage of the existing chaos and tried to counteract the splendid efforts made by China to rid herself of opium by surreptitiously and under cover of the war substituting morphine.

At the termination of the war the Versailles Conference took up the question anew, and under that Treaty the execution of the Opium Convention was placed in the hands of the League of Nations, where it rests to-day. A humanitarian question such as that of opium—practically free of politics—has afforded the League an ideal opportunity of demonstrating its effectiveness. But even this instrument is being threatened by the very interests the movement has so long combated. America has been invited to send a direct representative to sit on the Opium Committee of the League, for it is obvious that international co-operation can alone meet the intricacies of this problem. If this Government, however, cannot make use of the machinery already functioning in Geneva, it should lose no time in providing a substitute.

There has been much comment in the American press as to the responsibility of India in the present drug situation. It is affirmed that India is responsible for the flooding of Europe and America with drugs, and that this is due to her huge overproduction of opium. As a matter of fact, India's part in the menace of drugs is but indirect. America imports practically no Indian opium, nor does Europe to any appreciable extent. The medicinal opium of the world is produced in Turkey and Persia, to a much less extent in Serbia. In 1919 America imported from Turkey alone 640,000 pounds. From India in the same year and according to the same official reports we imported no opium at all. The reason is simple. Indian opium is deficient in its morphine content. It is used primarily for two purposes—for smoking opium and for the very poor quality taken by the natives of India. During the war, when the demand for drugs was so acute, it was worth the extra cost involved to manufacture Indian opium into morphine. There is still an attempt being made in India to manufacture morphine, but it

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cannot compete with the greatly superior Turkish and Persian drug. The statement, therefore, that India is flooding Europe and America with drugs is untrue.

The part played by India is infinitely more subtle. To explain this it is necessary to revert to the so-called Ten Year Agreement between India and China, by which India promised to stop the exportation of opium into China on the understanding that China would stop its cultivation within her own borders. India forfeited a revenue of some $10,000,000 a year by this act, but won the commendation of the world. Since the war and the many complications which have followed it is sad to admit that the Ten Year Agreement has been observed on the part of India alone. Needless to say, that Government bitterly resents the fact that she should have abandoned a large revenue for the purpose of allowing China to substitute Chinese for Indian opium. In her present state of exasperation India fails to see that this lapse on China's part is not due to any change of opium sentiment, but to the fact that the present Government is unable to enforce its laws and the unpatriotic military leaders are forcing the recrudescence of the poppy in order to pay their followers.

Under these circumstances, it is perhaps not strange that the Indian Government regrets its earlier sacrifice, and is prepared to stretch the letter of the Opium Convention to its ultimate limit if by doing so it can restore some portion of its former revenue. At all events, India is making a prodigious effort to justify her cultivation of the poppy, and in a recent Government report openly states "that there is no race on earth which does not use some stimulant, and it seems that opium is particularly suited to the Eastern temperament, . . . that in many cases opium should not be regarded as a luxury but as a necessity of life." This refers to the indiscriminate opium habit of the Indian natives, which, while upheld by the Government, is repudiated by the better mind of the intelligent Indians themselves.

This is obviously a point which cannot be decided by outside interference. But the Indian Government goes still further, and now reverts to a report made thirty years ago by a royal commission sent to India to study the opium question. This has never been referred to by accepted medical authorities except in most deprecatory terms. Lord Morley, at that time a member of the House of Commons, stated that he did not "wish to speak in disparagement of the commission, but somehow or other its findings had failed to satisfy public opinion in Great Britain and to ease the conscience of those who had taken up the matter. What was the value of medical views as to whether opium was a good thing or not when we had the evidence of nations who knew opium at close quarters?"

It is this report upon which the Indian Government now openly takes its stand and insists as well that it should be accepted by the League of Nations. The obvious attempt of the Indian Government to use the League is doing harm, not only to the prestige of the League, but to Great Britain, whose public opinion for many years past has loudly condemned the opium trade.

This attitude of India is doing much to hinder the progress of the movement. At the meeting of the Council of the League in 1921 Dr. Wellington Koo, in presenting the report of the Opium Advisory Committee, added a resolution to the effect that the time had now arrived when the cultivation of the poppy must be restricted to its scientific and medicinal need if serious complications, not only in the East, but in the West, were to be averted. This resolution struck at the very heart of the matter and was unanimously accepted by the Council. The League of Nations was widely commended for its courage and initiative in both America and Great Britain.

The India Office, however, was much opposed to this action, and at the convening of the Assembly was instrumental in having the verdict of the Council reversed and the wording of Dr. Koo's resolution changed so that the restriction of poppy cultivation should be based, not on its "scientific and medicinal need," but, according to the Indian representative, on its "legitimate need." This superficially seems a minor alteration, but an alteration nevertheless which strikes at the very heart of the opium problem.

If, as the Indian delegate asserted, the eating of opium by the natives of India is a legitimate practice, it must follow that the cultivation of opium is legitimate. This covers the production of smoking opium as well, which, though banned by the Opium Convention, still floods the Far East and finds its way wherever Chinese congregate under European jurisdiction, as well as to the Philippines, where it is a physical impossibility to prevent the smuggling of opium into our endless chain of islands.

This is the menace of India and the menace to the principle that the cultivation of the poppy must be restricted to its medicinal need. "Legitimate" is a vague and meaningless term, to be interpreted by any nation according to its own financial and selfish need.

It is not the desire of the West to upset the financial equilibrium of the East, but it is time for the great opium-producing countries to consider seriously a readjustment of their budgets. It is an obsolete and pernicious theory of taxation that a people should thrive on their own destruction.

America can no longer stand aside, but must take her part in the solution of this ancient and many-angled problem; which, unless intelligently directed, must lead to inevitable and world disaster.

Washington, D. C.

SHERMAN ROGERS

MR. ROGERS'S final article on Alaska will soon be published in The Outlook.

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DANSE CAUCASSIENNE

Bakst's fame as a decorative artist and as a designer of stage settings dates from the time of his removal from St. Petersburg, where he was born in 1886, and where his career as an artist was interrupted by the censure of the authorities because of his introduction of political themes in his pictures. In 1906 he went to Paris and soon

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achieved universal recognition as a master of decorative stage settings for ballets and operas. His work is characterized by remarkable richness and brilliancy of color and by fertility of invention. His success has been pronounced in portraiture as well as in decorative subjects

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IN FAIRNESS TO THE SOUTH

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

HOW confidently Northern journalists assume to understand the South and its problems, when they are but little acquainted with either! They should go South, where an explorer once sought the Fountain of Youth, and where the Northern journalist will discover it; at Southern firesides, in an atmosphere untainted with modernism, he slips back thirty years.

It is an illiberal South. Granted. Not long ago a lady from Boston called upon a lady in Richmond, who remarked, "I am proud to say that no Unitarian has ever crossed my threshold," unaware that she was entertaining one at that moment. But illiberalism has nevertheless its advantages. In the North moral and intellectual emancipation breeds a class of highly respectable non-churchgoers. The South has no such class. Just before service Bull Street, Savannah, is as crowded as when offices and shops have just closed, for Southern churches are not attended merely, but mobbed. Frequently "silent zones" surround them. And the Southern cleric's pulpit is his throne.

"We've got a fine town here," boasts a Southerner; "it's run by ministers." The Southern pulpit made prohibition. It maintains in the South a Puritan Sabbath. Moreover, a distinguished Southern preacher pronounced the war in Europe God's vengeance upon Sabbath-breakers, quite as Jeremiah might have done, for the South believes its Bible from cover to cover. Instead of "Thus saith modern science" or "Thus saith modern criticism," the Southern clergyman cries, "Thus saith the Lord!" which convinces. Keeping Southerners profoundly religious, it has given them rare beauty and sweetness of character. I am not speaking from observation alone; on my study wall in the North shone for years the blue-and-white palmetto flag of South Carolina, hung there for a reason.

But where orthodoxy rules virtually the whole of life one notes certain drawbacks, now and then amusing. One day my hostess returned from church after a union service at which the colored brethren had been shown an untraditional degree of respect. How she laughed over a friend's comment: "It was splendid, and it was Christian; but if we're going to be Christian in church, what'll it lead to?"

There you have it. Confronted with anything untraditional, anything unorthodox, the South asks instantly, "What'll it lead to?" Better safe than sorry. Better sound than adventurous. Jeeringly and in a spirit more pardonable seventy years ago than it would be to-day, Frederick Law Olmsted wrote, "The Southern man finds Providence in all that is, Satan in all that might be."

Even in our materially progressive "New" South, with its expanding cities, its magnificent sky-scrapers, its superb hotels, its huge industrial plants, and its rapidly increasing wealth, people say, "This is fine enough in its way, but—what'll it lead to?" One remonstrant complains, "I used to know everybody in our town; now it's a city of strangers." Another laments "the passing of old courtesies, old graces, old standards in an age of headlong commercialism." Still another declares, "The South was tallest when down on its knees just after the war between the States." All three see danger ahead.

> SOUTHERNERS may be irritated by some things in this article, they may be amused by other things, and they may be surprised to learn from it some of the things about themselves that they did not know; but they will find it sympathetic and appreciative of the Southern traits. If there is a challenge in this article, it is addressed to the self-consciously progressive and up-to-date North. We print it, not because we necessarily agree with it, but because we think it is stimulating to Americans North and South to have a critic analyze honestly and frankly the things they pride themselves on. An editorial on this article appears on another page.—THE EDITORS.

THE SHIELDED SOUTH

PERHAPS the sky-scrapers, the hotels, and the huge industrial plants are what persuade Northern journalists that the South in general has conceived a liking for modernity. Or perhaps they recall that Southerners launched the first transatlantic steamship, were the first to light a city with gas, the first to build a trolley line, the first to introduce commission government—the Galveston plan, widely copied. But suppose a Northern journalist had been among us, down there, when Rogerson, the wild Socialist, arrived. What consternation! Especially over his appalling designs on Congress, which the scamp would abolish outright.

I took to Rogerson at once, and then I also was under a cloud. "But—but," I protested, "I don't indorse his theories; I merely value him as a new animal for my menagerie." Whereupon my Southern friends cried, "That's just it—he's a beast!" Cross-questioning them, I learned that never before in all their days had they come face to face with a Socialist.

A curiously sheltered life our South enjoys. European influences—radicalism, bohemianism, agnosticism, and worse—have passed it by. Few foreigners intrude. Alien laborers dread Negro competition; alien "intellectuals" seek our great centers of population, and those are Northern. When Southerners speak of their "cosmopolitan" cities, they mean cities peopled with Americans from various sections, principally the South. There orthodoxy prevails—to excellent effect, mainly. The Southern novelist who described the South as "pickled" might better have called it "preserved." Or why not "shielded"?

From this same novelist we learn that the South has been "pickled" by its newspapers, "the worst in the world." Remarkable, very! In the South, where whole States lack a town of fifty thousand and where a quarter of a million makes a metropolis, one finds surprisingly good newspapers. Not adventurous, as a rule. Not rashly progressive. But neither is the South. And it is difficult to guess how they could "pickle" the South—or anything else—they have so few readers. The South hates to read. When a Southerner says of "The Outline of History," "It's a bad book and heretical—I won't read it," you can take his promise at face value. During my stay in "the Athens of the South" some one started a crusade for a public library. It failed.

THE BEST TALK IN THE WORLD—BUT NOT DEBATE

LIVE with Southerners, and you yourself will cease reading—yes, despite the attractiveness of ancient volumes purchased in Oxford, or perhaps Cambridge, by sons of old-time planters. Why read? All the charm of good books, all the brilliancy, all the humor, all the genial humanity, behold, it exists also—and living—in fireside conversation. Only the South knows how to talk. It gets and gives its culture by word of mouth, and when now and then some studious fellow deserts the drawing-room to bury himself among books one may question whether he has gained or lost thereby.

That is, culturally. But culture is not everything, and in Southern conversation you feel the absence of an element much prized among us Northerners. The instant a difference of opinion reveals itself some one hastens to change the subject, forestalling argument. "We can't argue," Southerners tell me. "We are too hot-headed, and end by fighting." But that is the least of it. Southerners look upon debate as bad form and a bit impious. In an orthodox world founded upon eternal verities, what presumption—or, in Biblical language, what "frowardness"—to seek new points of view, when, for all one can say, debate may demolish the very underpinnings of conviction! Careful! What'll it lead to?

Even political life in the South ex-

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cludes discussion. True, it is many a long year since a Southern church expelled a member for voting the Republican ticket; but, simply because he is white, practically every Southerner feels constrained to applaud any measure called Democratic, although this may mean placing a Solid South at the mercy of Northern leadership. Politically, he eats what is set before him, asking no questions for conscience' sake. I had once the experience of examining fifteen hundred letters in which newspaper editors the country over gave their views on the League of Nations, and quite uniformly orthodox were those from the South. Said one: "Of course we have not read the Covenant, nor do we assume to understand the League, but this much you may count on—we are with old Woodrow all the time."

Well, so be it; I was "with old Woodrow" myself just then. Yet perennial one-party rule checks progress. In perhaps the most brilliant Southern commonwealth three crimes besides murder are still punishable by death. In another there is no separate reformatory for women. In yet another lunatics, blind men, and paupers are caged in the same almshouse. Only a very few years ago I found a Southern State just adopting the Australian ballot, just establishing compulsory free education, and just recognizing the importance of vital statistics. With one party in and with its rival both down and out perpetually, what marvel if legislatures postpone reforms, clinging to the old motto of the old South, "Rome was not built in a day"?

Yet debate ran high in the old South. Mind clashed with mind. The South, despite its leisureliness, could welcome new ideas—even that most daring of new ideas, secession. Still earlier it could discuss projects for freeing its slaves; one such project, set forth in a volume preserved at the College of William and Mary, dates from the eighteenth century. Sweet, undeniably, is the present willingness of Southerner to agree with Southerner, but it involves as undeniably an intellectual loss, and in the South one is tempted now and then to quote the father of William James. A highly stimulating parent intellectually, he once attacked truth before breakfast, and when his wife protested, "Really, my dear, this is shocking!" answered, "Yes, but good for Willie's brain." In the South nobody attacks truth before breakfast. It may almost be said that nobody attacks anything.

THE APPROACH OF THE CRITICAL SPIRIT

And yet where so much is worth conserving conservatism has its value, though sometimes one asks, uneasily, Will conservatism conserve?" and "If so, for how long a period?" Already one meets onlookers who declare: These dear souls are in for a terrible awakening—religiously, politically, socially. The critical spirit, when it invades the South, as sooner or later it must, will shake it to its very foundations."

Versatile, cultivated, amusing, and in a hundred ways enviable, Southern genius still hesitates to re-examine the underpinnings of belief—in a word, lacks the critical spirit. "Why do you speak of a Negro problem?" asks the South. "There's no Negro problem here; we settled it years ago by putting the Negro in his place. There he stays, willingly on the whole, because he knows we are his best friends and because, unlike our Northern critics, we understand him." That was true years ago.

But does the present-day South really understand Negroes? "They" steal, we are informed—you can tell an honest one by the patch of wool in the palm of his hand. "They" are shiftless. "They" have slipped back since emancipation. Nevertheless "they" make good servants. Always "they." Yet because of bad servants, Southern boarding-houses thrive—anything rather than endure Pearl! If a certain element among the Negroes has slipped back since emancipation, another has remained stationary, while still another has progressed amazingly. And if multitudes are shiftless, the Negro Business Men's League includes not only merchants and manufacturers but rich bankers. Year after year the same bankers attend. Though they are not followed by detectives, one looks in vain for patches of wool in the palms of their hands.

The other day a white official from a black college met a Southern friend, who asked, "Well, Jim, how goes it—still in the nigger game?" "Yes," said Jim; "it's the coming game; next you know, you'll be borrowing money from a Negro bank." Whereupon his friend exclaimed, "Thank God, that's one thing they can't do!" though three blocks away stood a famous Negro bank whose president—incidentally owner and editor of a prosperous weekly—boasts membership in the American Bankers' Association.

Another Southerner, equally convinced that he understands Negroes, said to me, "If we educate our colored people, what can we find for them to do?" In his own city colored clergymen, colored lawyers, colored physicians, colored journalists, colored shopkeepers, and colored movie proprietors abound.

Few Southerners visit Hampton Institute. Even fewer read Negro newspapers, yet in those newspapers and there only does the Negro mind reveal itself fearlessly. Talking with whites, the Negro dissembles. Put him at a desk, with a green shade over his eyes and writing for Negroes alone, and out pour editorials neither flattering to his "best friends" nor indicating that he "stays in his place" at all "willingly." What hate! What vindictiveness! "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life!" Meanwhile a determination to "make democracy safe for black Americans" or "die in the attempt—it's better than submitting."

A "new issue" of Negroes emerged shortly after the war between the States—a foolish, helpless "new issue," easily cowed. This latest "new issue"—product of the World War—has college-bred leaders and a dangerous new instrument, the black press. How little the South understands it! Last year, when the South replied by parading its reorganized Ku Klux Klan, a writer, with more wit than kindness, exclaimed, "Oh, merry—an 1865-model white man dressing up in bugaboo clothes to scare a 1921-model black man!"

No doubt the same writer would enjoy hearing a Southerner declare that mulattoes never amount to anything, and later on, when you have sought to qualify a too sweeping disparagement of the Negro race by citing Booker Washington, say, "But remember, Booker Washington was half white." And not less "merry," I suppose, would be a politician's awful vow to "preserve inviolate the proud supremacy of the Caucasian" in a South where, save for here and there a harmless exception, no Negro can vote. "Merry," indeed, these survivals of old-time logic might appear were they taken seriously. Instead, they are folk-lore, like "A white mule never dies" or "If a blue-gum bites you, you're gone."

JUSTICE AS WELL AS ENDLESS FORBEARANCE

Entirely serious, however, is the Southerner's intention to keep the Negro in "his place," and as serious the conviction that Southerners alone are qualified to define that place, as they alone understand what Negroes are. Well, then, what are they? People? No one in the South denies openly that the Negro is a man. Though a Southerner loaned me Charles Carroll's five-hundred-page *opus*, "The Tempter of Eve," wherein I read, "When we lay aside our absurd theories and accept the teaching of Scripture and science that the Negro is an ape, the whole proposition is simplified," no one in the South openly agrees with Charles Carroll. And yet did not a Southern notable say in my hearing, "The Negro has got to be kept down," and a Southern girl say, "We respect the Negro as an inferior," and a Southern sportsman say, "On all my hunting trips I take along Joe, and he sleeps in my tent. I love him—he's my dog"? When a carnival company arrived, and a troupe of Negroes from its "Plantation Show" filled an automobile in the procession, devout was the wrath among Southerners. "Let me see if I can get your point of view," I ventured. "You would not have objected if those colored folks had ridden in open cages, like animals in a circus parade, but putting them in a Ford gave them the dignity of people." "That's just the point!" I was told, and it is the point of every other discrimination throughout the color line. At bottom, "understanding the Negro" means understanding that Negroes are not people.

They were people once. In those days a Southern gentleman addressed a Negro poetess, not as "Dear Phyllis,"

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but as "Dear Miss Phyllis," and signed himself, "With great respect, your humble servant, George Washington."

Caucasian virtues—self-respect, aggressiveness, courage—are Negro vices; like one's horse, the Negro must be "docile." And when an educated Negro displays Caucasian qualities of mind the Southerner, instead of crying, "Behold, a man!" says merely, "How imitative!"

This attitude on the part of Southerners has been in many ways a blessing to the Negro. Regarded as a man, he seldom measures up impressively. Regarded as an animal, he not only measures up impressively, but invites leniency toward his faults. If he meets with more justice in the North, he meets with more kindness in the South—endless forbearance, infinite patience, and, when needed, a degree of devotion well-nigh passing belief. No Northerner of my acquaintance leaves his bed at three in the morning to go bail for a Negro. A Southerner will cheerfully do that and more.

But the new Negro asks "justice, not kindness," and insists on recognition, not as a mere candidate for humanity, but as having attained it, and bids the South inquire, "Who was right—George Washington or Thomas Dixon?"—a question the South declines to face. What'll it lead to? For that matter, what is it already leading to? Every June adds fresh cohorts to the swiftly increasing army of college-bred Negroes. Albeit gradually and in certain regions imperceptibly, the "tide of color" is rising, not educationally alone, but in point of prosperity. When Negroes in large numbers meet the literacy test and the property test, then what will become of disfranchisement? And what will occur when the South, long convinced that the Negro problem was "settled" years ago, discovers that what looked like a settlement was merely a *modus vivendi?*

SOUTHERN MEMORIES

Do I seem to imply that our South is living in a fool's paradise—religiously, politically, socially? I have no such intention, and if I had I should still see reason enough for the Southern unwillingness to venture forth into paths untried. Southerners come North, where they are quick to observe the noxious by-products of our vaunted initiative—paganism, for one thing, corruption for another, to say nothing of unrest. In their "cleaner, greener land" they pray, "From Northern heresy and sin, good Lord deliver us!" Nor have Southerners forgotten that the old South once ventured forth into new paths. They led to secession, which led to war, which led to a worse plague—reconstruction.

As the South views it, there was no rebellion. There was no civil strife. Two independent powers, the one as completely a nation as the other, clashed at arms. The North struck first. When a Northern fleet set sail with munitions for Sumter, it was "an act of war." In the struggle that followed the South was not defeated. It was overwhelmed by numbers. All glory, then, to the patriots who fought for their country—to Lee, "a greater hero than Washington," and to Stonewall Jackson and the rest. On Southern monuments loving hands have carved the words, "Here lie the sacred bones"—of this or that Confederate chieftain. And if Southerners now think secession a mistake, and say, "What would success have made of us? Nothing but a batch of wretched little South American republics!" their conscience is clear.

More than that, they have come remarkably near forgiving the North for the war. It ended slavery. "We don't want it back; it was awful." But reconstruction—say rather redestruction! "Never in the entire history of the world was a vanquished people so shamefully treated." They exaggerate, just as they exaggerate when they tell one another that the old South could boast "the grandest civilization the world had ever seen," but the facts are shocking enough. We Northerners affect to have forgotten that three Southern States were wholly controlled by Negroes for eight years; that the free restaurant and bar in the Capitol at Columbia, South Carolina, cost $125,000 in a single session; that in six years 6,400,000 acres of land in Missouri were confiscated for non-payment of taxes, so outrageous was the extravagance; that Alabama issued $15,000,000 worth of bonds for a railway never built; that Louisiana was robbed of over $120,000,000—half its estimated wealth; and that in 1890 North Carolina had barely reached the per capita wealth it had in 1861. The South remembers.

"Let the people down easy," said Lincoln at Richmond. When they learned of his assassination, Southerners told one another, "We have lost our best friend," and in Richmond, not long ago, Lincoln's portrait adorned the poster issued by a Southern bank. His death meant all that the South had feared—oppression, injustice, insult. Said Garfield, in a speech on reconstruction, "This bill puts a bayonet at the breast of every rebel in the South." Just so. And when Northerners put ankle-irons on Jeff Davis and made his former plantation a home farm for Negroes it was "a lesson," doubtless, but unlikely to conciliate the only Americans who ever tasted defeat and the ones least fitted to.

A sweet-faced, snowy-haired old lady in the South declares, "I never see the Union flag without wanting to tear it to shreds." When I inquired the reason, she said, "In Augusta just after the war—I was a tiny girl then—I was walking with my mother, and we saw a Union flag stretched across the sidewalk. I pulled at my mother's skirt and cried, 'Stop! Don't walk under it!' and a Union soldier overheard. Thrusting a bayonet at my breast, he shouted, 'You damned little rebel, I'll make you walk under it!'" She refused, and there the matter ended, but after all these years the impression is still vivid. Nor were experiences of the kind uncommon then or later, until in 1876 the last Union troops came North.

Across the way in Asheville, during my visit, lived a charming young couple—the wife a Northerner, the husband Southern. Said he: "We have great times at our house. Nell puts up the flag. I tear it down. What bothers me about the war is, we got licked; if it could be fought over again, I'd take an interest in it." He has since taken an interest in a much larger war—under the Stars and Stripes—and, though the sweet-faced, snowy-haired old lady still hates the Union flag, she loves Northerners. Scratch an "unreconstructed" Southerner, and you find—not a Unionist, quite, but indubitably an American

And yet secession, with its consequences, has profoundly affected the Southern mind. An experiment, an adventure, a plunge into the unknown, how disastrously it ended! Small wonder, then, that, observing what could come of rash initiative, the South lost faith in initiative altogether, and resolved thenceforward to "stand pat," though "standing pat" might mean imprisonment within walls every stone of which is inscribed with an *idée fixe.*

ALREADY AWAKE

In vain do Northern critics seek to "wake up" the South. What is, in fact, mere ignorance or mere haste passes for hypocritical malice, as it proceeds from altogether the wrong point of the compass. Northerners plied the slave trade; according to legend, the famous Mayflower became eventually a slave ship. Southerners in Boston behold, not only the monument to Crispus Attucks, a Negro, but the slaves' gallery at Christ Church—Paul Revere's "Old North." To-day not by any means all lynchings and race riots occur south of Mason and Dixon's Line. If the South has its Jim Crow cars, Northerners own the roads, just as Northerners own mills where Southern children toil. And Southerners remind us that secession itself was a Northern idea; long before the South renounced the Union Massachusetts had threatened to. So for every Northern diatribe the South has at its tongue's tip the soul-satisfying rejoinder, *"Tu quoque!"*

A difficult task, this of "waking up" the South. Likewise a needless. While the South in general remains a region where "immobility stalks unchecked," there are stirrings, uneasinesses, random premonitions of change. The significant thing about the recent uproar in Kentucky was not the zeal with which the Kentuckians threatened to banish Darwinism by law, it was the revelation that already Darwinism had ventured to show its horned or haloed head there Whether for good or ill, the South is "waking up." Slowly, to be sure, cautiously. Meanwhile recollecting that humanity made out a fairly tolerable existence without Darwin for quite a handful of centuries. Patience! If one slips

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back thirty years by going South, we had a far from despicable America three decades ago, and some of us begin to ask if perhaps we might not profitably pick out of the waste-basket many a belief we have since thrown into it.

Politically, too, the South shows here and there the vague first symptoms of approaching change. When early bulletins announced that Mr. Hughes had been elected President, a Southern woman cried, excitedly, "I'll secede and go North and pull out his whiskers!" yet the same Southern woman declared, "The great need of the South is more Republicans," and in the former capital of the Confederacy Republicans maintained headquarters, unmolested, at the leading hotel.

As a rule, lynching is what prompts Northern efforts to "wake up" the South. As a rule, Southerners defend, or condone, or laboriously explain it. But what says that gifted Southern publicist Mr. John M. Moore? "Mob law is the shame of the South." Or what says the Atlanta "Constitution?" "There must be no more mobs. If the Negro is charged with a crime, he must be given the same fair treatment before the law that is given the white man. If anything, it would seem ignorance and weakness demand even more consideration than the crime which lacks that excuse." Addressing the Southern Sociological Congress, at whose sessions representatives of both races speak from the same platform, Dr. Weatherford, of Nashville, said, "The horrible lynchings that have been taking place in the South are enough to make our blood run cold. More of us must speak out. We must cure this horrible cancer that eats at the heart of our civilization, this horrible lack of appreciation for the sacredness of the individual."

SAFE IN THEIR KEEPING

However orthodox, however solid, however traditionalistic in the main, our South is here and there eager for initiative. Years ago Southern lads struck out into the new West; now their sons are returning, to influence religiously, politically, socially the new South. Moreover, the black migration Northward has been accompanied by a white migration Northward; the Southerners in New York City alone are said to number a quarter of a million. Of these a proportion acquire the critical spirit. Their letters home and their visits tend to liberalize Southern thought, and even in the South one meets on rare occasions a liberalism most astonishing.

In conversation with a brilliant young Southern architect I said: "I can meet you half-way. Admit that slavery as an institution was wrong, and I in my turn will admit that the typical slaveholder may have been a conscientious, high-minded fellow, kind to his slaves, and honestly regarding slavery as an institution divinely ordained. Again, admit that secession involved injury to the North and was sure to precipitate war, and I, in my turn, will admit that, inasmuch as nothing in the Constitution pronounced the Union eternal, the South had—theoretically—a right to secede."

Word perfect, here is his reply: "I don't want to be met half-way. Slavery was wrong, and the slaveholders knew it, and they fought to perpetuate the wrong. As for secession, it was wrong from the beginning."

Few Southerners speak thus frankly. In a region where one hears that "sentiment rules thought" social pressure forbids. Yet year by year more and more Southerners proclaim and practice the fine, chivalric principles of our newest New South. In their keeping its career is safe, requiring no admonitions from the Northern critic, to whom I might say, without prejudice on the one hand or censoriousness on the other: "Have faith in the South."

THE FALL OF MAN IN BABYLONIAN LITERATURE

BY EDWARD CHIERA

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ASSYRIOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Among the priceless documents which the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania brought to light through the excavation of the old Babylonian city of Nippur are to be found two tablets dealing with the story of the Fall of Man. Both of them date from a period one or two centuries earlier than 2000 B.C. and both are written in the Sumerian language, which is generally admitted to have been the oldest spoken in southern Babylonia.

The first to attract my attention was a rather small tablet, with only one column of writing on each side. It contained a dialogue between a god and a human being; from the words of the speakers it seemed apparent that this referred to the well-known story of the Garden of Eden. Yet the account, as the tablet gave it to us, was very incomplete. Its beginning was lacking, and, owing to the peculiar characteristic of the Sumerian language which does not distinguish among the genders, it was impossible to determine whether the chief figure of the dialogue was a man or a woman.

The real import of the story might thus have remained somewhat doubtful had not another tablet from the Museum collection come unexpectedly to my help. This was a small fragment from a large document, with three columns of inscription on each side. While on one face it contained a duplicate of the text of the preceding tablet, on the other it gave a different story concerning the invention of the art of writing and the establishment of civilization. This is exactly the kind of sequence we should have expected for the story of the Fall, and a proof that the interpretation I had placed on the first tablet was, in its main points at least, absolutely correct.

THE SUMERIAN STORY OF THE FALL

The first lines of the tablet are partially destroyed; all we can gather is that a human being is speaking to a god. The opening words appear to be: "Like a vegetable food," and then, after a gap of two lines,

To do that, with cunning he has. . . .
I have not been obedient to thee.
My heart is full of fear, full of fear,
after that.
. . . has been cast.
Fear, weeping has been cast,
At the sending of thy call.
And I, at thy call,
From my own appearance I was fleeing.
And I, from my own appearance (I was fleeing).
Thy humanity, thy own body, has not been freed, . . .
For mankind the words of understanding are not . . .

Here we have a change of person, and a god is speaking:

Finish thy weeping!
From my place, go into the desert!
To me, forever, for taking of the "tree which establishes clothing," as an outcast, thou shalt not return!
The "plant which frees from death" inferior beings shall not take!
Thou never shalt take!
In no way whatever, after this, thou shalt reach release.
To my ox, for leading it, as an outcast, thou shalt not return!
To my field, for irrigating it, as an outcast, thou shalt not return!
To my field, for tilling it, as an outcast, thou shalt not return!
To my garden, for tilling it, as an outcast, thou shalt not return!
Go, till the land, raise the food for sustenance!
Thou never shalt reach me!
Others like thee will till the garden, their mothers and their fathers will eat the food of god.
Since the hand of the sons of the menials has reached the food, and their eyes have been opened. . . .
Just as for them, ten measures of barley each one of them has heaped up.
Each of the servants of the chief among their fathers, ten meas-

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ures of barley they have heaped up.
To each one of their fathers barley has been multiplied.
Barley, oil, wool, sheep have been brought in unto them.
Humanity, thou art to know abundance!

This blessing closes the account on our tablet. The Genesis story is so familiar to every one of us that only the main points of resemblance need to be noted. Leaving out of account the first lines, too fragmentary for translation, we come upon a disobedience on the part of man which is followed by fear and weeping. A call by the god produces the effect of making man run away. A mythical tree is introduced, the name of which refers to the use of clothing, and the fruit of which must have produced the effect of "opening the eyes." The tree of life appears also as the "plant which frees from death," and the god affirms that mankind shall never reach it. The actual expulsion from the garden and the command to till the ground and raise food are also very plain. In the beings who succeed mankind in the garden we have probably a reference to the angels of the Biblical story. And it is stated that the reason for all this is that "the hand of the sons of the menials has reached the food and their eyes have been opened."

It is clear that the two accounts must be related in some way to each other. Since the Sumerian story is by far the older, the presumption is that the Hebrew has been derived from it. This would, however, remain a mere possibility, and one might be tempted to seek the explanation of all these similarities in the supposed existence of a common stock of traditions if the Hebrew story itself did not come to our help.

THE BIBLICAL STORY HAS BEEN BORROWED

If there is in the whole of Genesis a story that clearly betrays its foreign origin, it is just that of the Fall of Man. The first problem we meet is the location of the garden of Eden. Notwithstanding the apparent wealth of geographical details, the garden cannot definitely be placed; all place names are obscure, except those of the Tigris and Euphrates, the two rivers of Mesopotamia. Thus, wherever the garden may have been, it was certainly not in Palestine.

But the very fact that the scene of the Fall is placed in a garden strikes us as very strange. The Hebrews, being a nomadic people, did not have any sympathy for agriculture and considered it to be strictly related with heathenism. Why, then, place the cradle of humanity in a garden? Why command Adam to till the ground?

As we proceed we are struck by the mention of the tree of life, which is supposed to be well known to us. And yet in early Hebrew writings the very idea that one could reach immortality through the eating of any sort of food is entirely absent. But the most curious figure we meet is that of the tempter. Previously we had heard nothing of him, and his very presence in the garden of Eden is in contradiction with the ideal conditions which were supposed to have existed there.

Moreover this tempter, though called a serpent, was in his physical appearance quite different from ordinary serpents. He is made "to walk on his belly" only after the episode of the Fall, and as part of his punishment. This so-called serpent can talk and possesses superhuman knowledge; he is therefore semi-divine, and yet not a god. He is supposed to be a very bad character and bent upon the ruin of mankind, and yet, strangest of all, every one of the words he says to the woman, "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good from evil," proves to be correct to the letter. Conversely, the god's threat, "Ye shall certainly die," is simply meant to frighten, and is not substantiated by following events.

If all these inconsistencies mean anything, they simply show that the Hebrew writers met with many difficulties in adapting to their own monotheistic beliefs a story that had been developed in a polytheistic religion. The "serpent" was originally a god; this only could explain his superhuman knowledge. He was not an enemy, but a friend of mankind, and thus he spoke the truth to the woman. From internal evidence alone, we are thus able to prove the story of the Fall to be non-Hebraic. But in how far does it agree with Babylonian ideas?

THE BABYLONIAN STORIES OF THE FALL

About three years ago Professor Langdon, of Oxford, then curator of the Babylonian Section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, discovered a very important tablet of a legendary character. Owing to the damaged condition of a portion of the document, it is impossible to reconstruct entirely its most important episode. It appears, however, that a certain Tag-tug was cultivating a garden, and that in this grew different kinds of plants. A messenger of the gods announces that Tag-tug is allowed to pluck these plants and eat of them, but that there is in the garden a special plant "the destiny of which had been fixed." At this a goddess utters a curse: "The face of life (or health), until he dies, he shall not see." Immediately after the curse certain lower gods, the Anunnaki, bow into the dust in sign of sorrow. Later special gods are appointed to protect mankind against diseases.

It is clear that the point of greatest resemblance with the Hebrew story is the mention of a certain plant which had been singled out for a special purpose; the curse of the goddess might also be paralleled to that of God. However, it does not appear that Tag-tug had really transgressed any special command. Both the curse and the sorrow are somewhat anticipatory.

Notwithstanding this, I believe that Langdon was right in finding there a reference to the Fall. One point only needs to be corrected. Langdon identified this Tag-tug with Noah and asserted, on the strength of his discovery, that woman was not to blame for the episode of the Fall. An explanatory list, published some time later, makes Tag-tug "the daughter of the god Anu," and therefore a woman. All things considered, Langdon's tablet simply proves that in the Sumerian, as in the Biblical account, a woman is the protagonist in the Fall episode.

THE BABYLONIAN PRIMITIVE MAN

In the famous Gilgamesh Epic we find another story that reminds us of the Fall. A goddess creates a man, called Enkidu, out of a lump of clay. This man lives in a forest, in very close companionship with the animals, and his life is no higher than theirs. The hero, Gilgamesh, hears about him and sends a woman to lure him out of the forest. Enkidu, at the sight of the woman, falls in love with her and lets himself be persuaded to abandon his forest and follow her into the city. There he is taught to dress, to drink wine, and to conduct himself as a civilized being.

Enkidu and Gilgamesh become friends and, after a series of exploits which need not interest us here, they go together in quest of the plant that gives immortality. This they find, but it is taken from them. The epic closes with a lament over the fact that human beings cannot escape death.

It is worthy of special notice that a woman is here instrumental in taking the primitive man out of his simple environment and that his first step into civilized life is marked by the adoption of clothing. It is also evident that, having listened to the woman, the condition of the man is improved, not lowered.

THE ADAPA MYTH

An entirely different story is also very instructive. There we find how the god Ea fashions a man, called Adapa, who learns to guide a boat and becomes a fisherman. Under the tutoring of the god, Adapa becomes very wise, equaling the gods in his wisdom.

One day, while he was fishing, the south wind, represented as a huge bird, capsizes his boat and makes him fall into the water. Adapa gets angry and, in retaliation, breaks the wing of the south wind. After a time Anu, the father of the gods, notices that the south wind is not blowing any more, and inquires as to the reason of it. Being told of what Adapa had done, he orders him to come to his presence and to explain things.

The god Ea, on hearing this, greatly fears for the safety of his protégé. He is especially troubled by the fact that Adapa possesses too much knowledge for a human being and fears that Anu, jealous of the gods' prerogatives, might decide to kill him. To offset this danger, he gives Adapa these parting instructions: "When before Anu, he will

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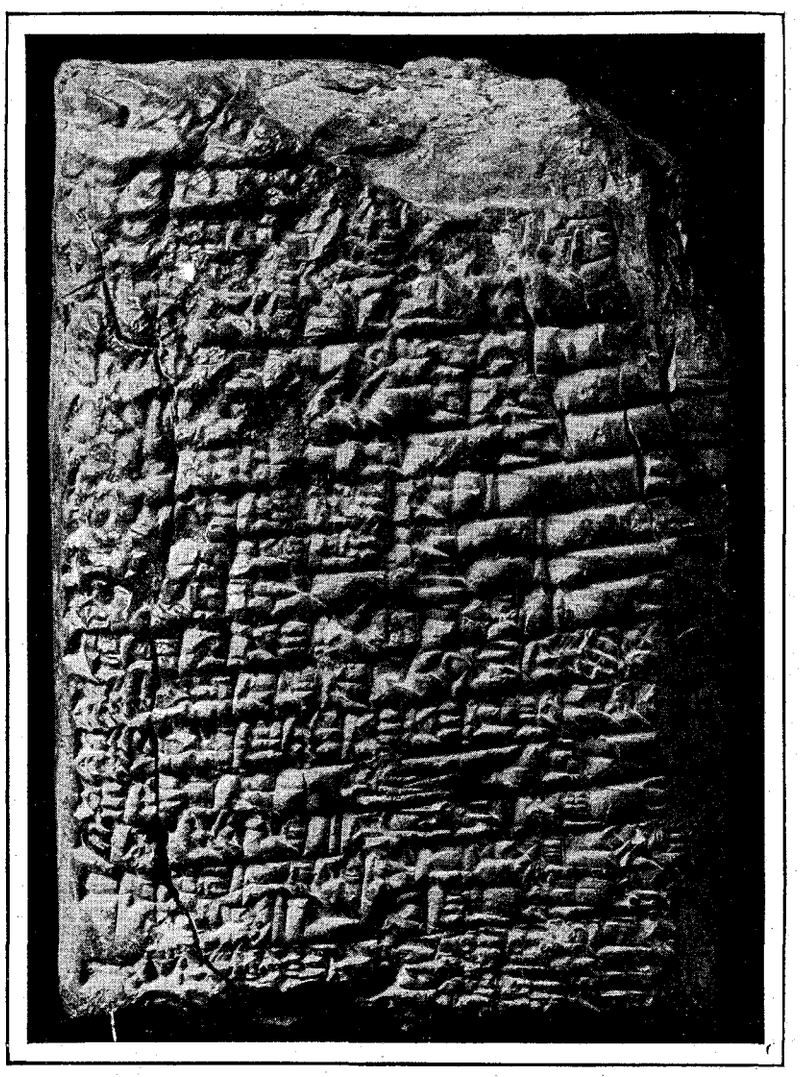
offer to thee the food of death. Do not eat. He will offer to thee the water of death. Do not drink."

Adapa goes, and presents himself before the father of the gods. When Anu finds out that this man had been instructed into the secret knowledge, he exclaims: "Why has Ea revealed to impure humanity the secrets of heaven and earth? Why has he given him an astute heart?" However, things turned out differently from what Ea had anticipated.

Confronted by the fact that Adapa, by possessing so much knowledge, had already become a demigod, Anu decides to grant him immortality also, so as to make him equal to the other gods. He therefore commands that the food of life and the water of life be brought to him. Adapa, fearing trickery, refuses to eat and to drink. The god is amazed and says: "Why, O Adapa, hast thou not eaten or drunken? Thou wilt not live forever." After this sentence Adapa is sent back to the earth, having forfeited immortality.

We learn from this story that knowledge plus immortality constitutes equality with the gods, that immortality could have been secured through the eating of a certain food, and, finally, that a human being had succeeded in reaching knowledge, but had missed eternal life.



THE OBVERSE OF THE SUMERIAN TABLET, CONTAINING THE STORY OF THE FALL OF MAN

THE ORIGINAL OF THE BIBLICAL STORY

We are now so clearly in the same cycle of ideas out of which the story of the Fall must have originated that we can reconstruct the original account, as it circulated in Babylonia before being incorporated into the Bible.

One god, probably the head of the pantheon, creates the first couple and places them in a garden. They are destitute, not only of moral knowledge, but also of reasoning powers. Another god, friendly to mankind, decides to come to their help, and tells Eve of the amazing results the fruit of the tree of knowledge would produce. Eve eats of the fruit, then gives of it to her husband and secures for herself and her posterity the incomparable gift of a reasoning mind. The effect of her act is seen immediately, and Adam and Eve realize that they need some kind of clothing. The use of garments thus represents the first step towards civilized life.

The head of the pantheon drives mankind from the garden so as not to give them a chance to eat also of the tree of life and become real gods. There was no idea of punishment in the act of the god, just as there was no sin in that of the woman. The moral idea is absent from these early stories. The Babylonian Noah was not saved from the deluge because he was morally better than his fellow-men; he merely had the good fortune of enjoying the protection of one of the gods. Eve committed no greater sin than that of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, for the benefit of mankind. But, while Prometheus was made to suffer eternally for his act, the Babylonian god forgave Eve and, considering the raised status of her posterity, he blessed humanity on her account.

The story of the Fall strives to explain two things, and two things only: how it is that mankind is endowed with intelligence which the animals do not possess, and also why, notwithstanding this, human beings are still mortal.

LATER ADAPTATIONS

The Hebrew thinkers who adapted this story for their own religion have retained faithfully both of the original ideas, and have added much to them. The simple legend has been made use of in solving the most difficult problem that has ever faced religion: "God, in his holiness, cannot have been the creator of evil. How, then, did it enter into the world?" The problem of evil had never troubled the old Babylonians, for their gods were not necessarily moral.

Not satisfied with having imposed upon the story this great burden of late philosophical speculation, the Hebrew writers made it also explain some minor questions which had been perplexing their time. Thus they tell us why woman suffers at childbirth, why physical labor is attended by fatigue, and also the reason for our instinctive fear of serpents.

These late additions made of Eve the first sinner and the direct cause of all our afflictions. And yet the Babylonian legends, in giving credit to woman for her good share in the acquisition of knowledge, had not gone far from the truth.

Just as nomadic peoples, because they wander about continuously, are less civilized than settled agricultural communities, so in the human family it is to woman, who has stayed at home, that we owe the beginnings of industry. While her husband or father was out in search of food, woman discovered how to spin and to weave. It was probably a woman who made the first loaf of bread and cooked the first meal over a fire.

But we can go a step further. The influence of woman has always spurred man on to greater and better things; but for her, would mankind have ever come out of its primitive lair, to establish civilization upon the earth?

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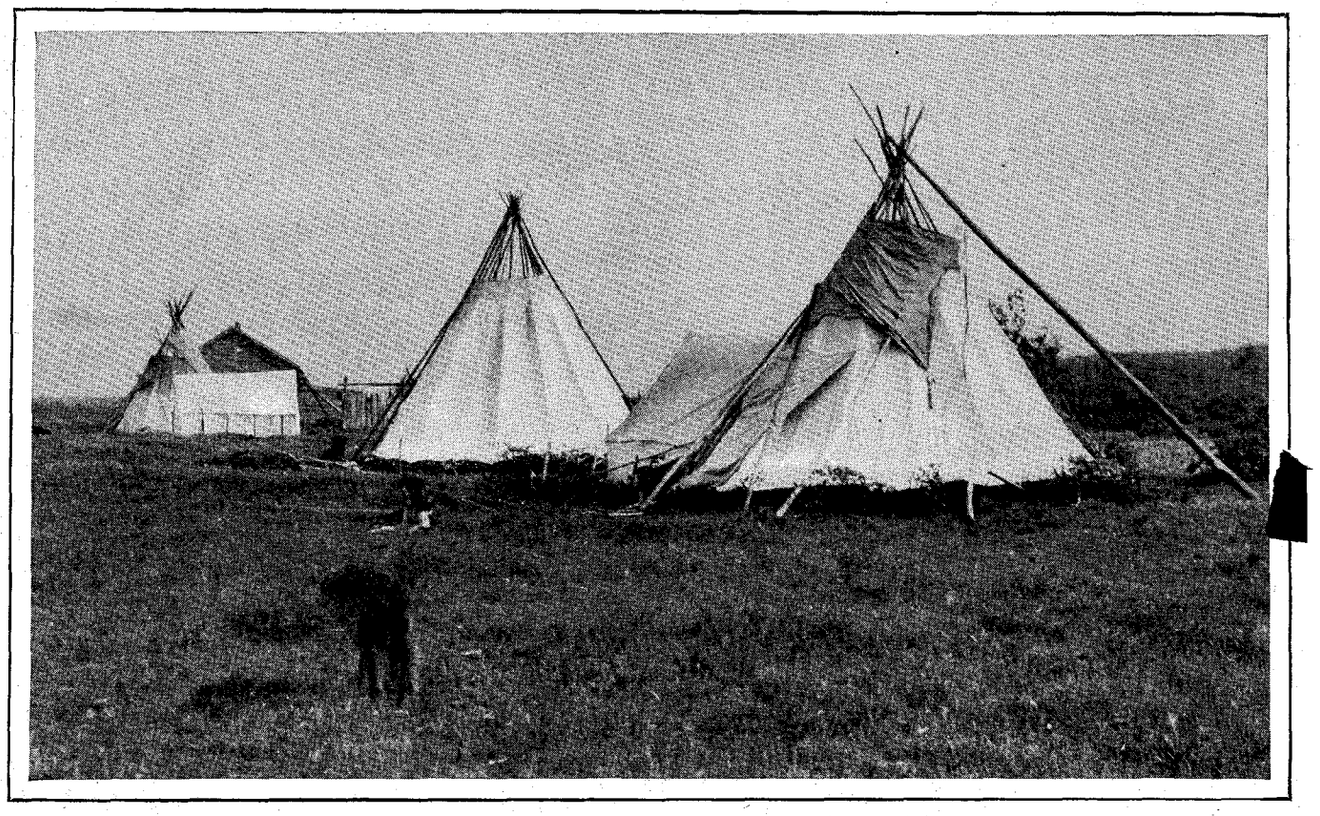

THE FRESHMAN CLASS CAME FROM HOMES LIKE THESE

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

BY FULLERTON WALDO

I KNOW of but one school that brings its freshman class from the Arctic shores, and that is the school at Hay River, on Great Slave Lake, in the Northwest Territories. I traveled a thousand miles down the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson from Hay River with the graduating class, and then a thousand miles up-stream with the freshman class; and I can already understand why the little brown hands of Indian and Eskimo children tug at the heart-strings of those who teach them. The cynic says that the mission-educated children return to the tepee and the igloo and immediately revert to the ground-level of their parentage; but the cynic is wrong, quite wrong. Let him make the round trip of four thousand miles north from Edmonton to the Arctic shores and back, and let him see what has been wrought, and if he is fair he will no longer say "the struggle nought availeth."

There were fourteen children shepherded aboard by Mrs. Vale, of the Anglican Mission, for this their first long voyage in the world and their great adventure. Eight other children had to be left behind with their families. The Loucheux Indian fathers and mothers of twelve of the children said farewell with many parental admonitions as well as premonitions. They told the children to wash their faces and brush their hair and be submissive to Mrs. Vale in everything. The Eskimo parents of the other two children were not less concerned and affectionate. They brought aboard a feather bed, a rabbit-skin quilt, and a mosquito-bar, which they placed in the lee of the bales of fox, ermine, and marten skins on the main deck, in trust that the school would do for their little ones what it had done for others whom they knew. They said the reason why they let their children go was that they saw round about them every day Eskimos and Indians leading better lives and doing better work for the years they spent in school at Hay River. Of course it will displease the cynic that these things are so, for it upsets his favorite theory; but there are more things in heaven and earth than the philosophy of the cynic comprehends.

The Eskimo children in their wolverene-trimmed *artikis* at first were shy and silent; but by the second day the boy had begun to knot a fish-net, tied to the handles of his trunk, no bigger than a doll's; and the girl was riding about over the deck on a freight truck with other children. Seven little Indian girls were busy in a corner with needles and thread and brilliant bits of cambric and gingham making dresses for their dolls. They plied the needle with a dexterity which showed that at home they had more to do than go rummaging and scavenging with the dogs. One had a pair of blunted shears as long as her forearm, which, since it was the only cutting implement in the group, was communistically passed from hand to hand. Nobody told them to sew; they started and stopped of their own motion; it was their favorite diversion.

The father of two of the Indian children was a passenger, and he helped with all of them. He got a basin of water and a cake of soap and washed the faces of his own offspring; he carefully brushed and braided their black hair, and when it was hanging down about their faces while he was combing

AN INTERVIEW WITH

Colonel Hugh L. Cooper

builder of the great Keokuk Dam,

will be published in an early issue of The Outlook. In this interview Newton Fuessle presents Colonel Cooper's views on the possibilities of power development in the project for the canalization of the St. Lawrence River.

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and pruning, the little bright eyes peeped out through the tangle like some shy, small forest creature peering from the willows or the aspens alongshore.

The maternal solicitude of the pelican or of the "husky" dog could not surpass the tenderness with which he chewed gum and then—surreptitiously—passed it from his cheeks to his children's perfect teeth when it was well started. When the boat stopped at Fort Good Hope, he hustled up the steep bank and came back with more needles and green thread and purple ribbons, which they ran half the length of the lower deck, from the cook to the wood-pile, to show me.

A mischievous return the children made to him for all his solicitude. Weary of well-doing, he lay back on a bale of marten skins and easily fell asleep. Then the little aboriginal pixies came whispering and on tiptoe, like Titania and her fays. Their fairy queen on this occasion was Margaret Macdonald, grand-daughter of a Scotchman who has been south of the Arctic Circle only once in the last half-century. Even when her feet are still Margaret's blue eyes are dancing like the river in the wind. She is usually in such rapid motion that her black hair streams like our Hudson's Bay Company pennant at the prow. She is very fair, and the dark Indian tots gaze on her with admiration deep as the wells of their brown eyes; and at the beck of her finger they do the small tyrant's imperious pleasaunce. Half the boat would like to fondle and dandle the merry wee Margaret, and the night she fell out of her berth, when she was promoted upstairs from the freight deck, you would think the boiler had blown up. I told the good, kind Mrs. Vale that if her school should ever teach away from Margaret any of her winsome, sunny spontaneity I would change all my praise of the institution to caustic diatribe.

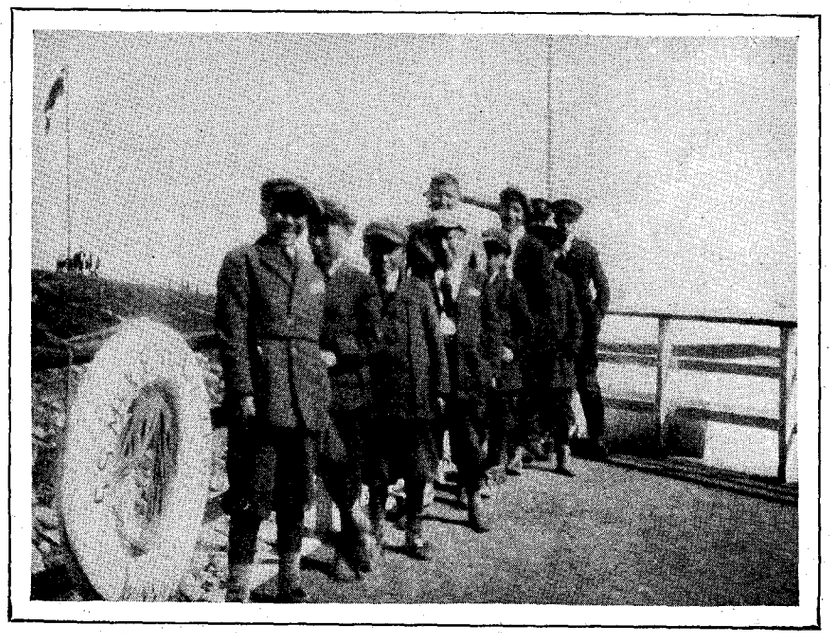
THE TWO CHILDREN AT THE LEFT ARE FRESHMEN. THE ESKIMO MOTHER AT THE RIGHT IS THINKING ABOUT LETTING THEM GO

Margaret and her retinue at the last wood-pile had gone ashore and picked flowers. They trooped aboard at the toot of the whistle with their hands full of the soft, silky plumes of the fox-grass, the blue of the flax, the white of a sort of meadow sweet, the purple of the vetch and the fireweed, the pink of the Indian's paint-brush.

Round the sleeping Indian father they hovered like the Lilliputs with Gulliver. First they decked out their victim with the flowers. The band of his hat was aflame with the fireweed; his dingy coat was pranked and pied with imperial purple sprouting from every pocket. No doughty chieftain of his ancestry arrayed for a tribal council was ever half so gorgeous as Pierre Ratfat innocently looked when the children were through with his amazing efflorescence.

But that was not all. Though they had never read a word of Gulliver, they took the very thread that Pierre had bought them and wound it over him like the spider's shining gossamer. As long as he snored evenly, like the boat's own black throat coughing the golden rain of sparks upon the river, the small miscreants were safe. But he stirred uneasily, and they fled in a spasm of simulated terror to a dark angle behind the wood-pile, and there, with their palms over their mouths, they giggled and smothered in Loucheux till they were sure he was safely back in Dreamland and they might venture abroad again. After the threads, the rogues found bits of string and begged fish lines from the crew, and ran them from Pierre's buttons to the handle of his trunk, the way the Eskimo boy had tied the net that he was making a little while before.

When Pierre Ratfat woke, the freshman class was piously and quietly sewing away on moccasins for their dolls' feet, having finished with the dresses. There was a snapping as of twigs in the bushes when Pierre reared his mighty bulk, limb by limb, like a bear awaking; and as he pulled the fireweed from his deerskin suspenders and found his pet briarwood pipe upside down among them, against a singed spot on his shirt, he looked over at the shaking shoulders of the freshman class and his smile was like the first rays of the sunlight on the Carcajou after the ice goes out between the mountains to the sea in June.



PART OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE HAY RIVER SCHOOL

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THE ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC

TESTS OF ORCHESTRAL PLAYING[1]

BY W. J. HENDERSON

NOTHING in the way of judging the quality of a musical achievement can be much easier than determining the merits of an orchestral performance, yet there is an astonishing confusion of the public mind in regard to the matter. The astonishment is not caused by the confusion, but by the apparent eagerness of the public to be confused. After an experience of half a lifetime in critical consideration of orchestral performance, I do not hesitate to say that there is a short cut to the formation of an opinion.

When you are listening to an orchestral concert, close your eyes. Listen, do not look. Hear the orchestra; do not see the conductor. Orchestral performance is an art for the ear, not the eye. The conductor is performing nine times out of ten for your eye. You are not to judge the value of the orchestral playing by the energy or grace or picturesqueness of the conductor.

Stokowski with his feet spread apart like Louis Graveure's in song recital, Walter Damrosch crouching behind the music-stand as von Bülow did when he wished the orchestra to play *pianissimo*, Coates with his left hand vainly trying to brush the hair out of his eyes while his right waves wildly in sweeping semicircles, and Mengelberg eagerly endeavoring to increase his stature by lifting himself upon the points of his toes, are picturesque figures, to be sure, but you ought not to go to orchestral concerts to see them. You should go to hear the playing of the orchestra. What conductors accomplish should be heard and not seen.

An orchestra may be regarded either as a collection of instrumental players co-operating in the reproduction of compositions made for their use or as a single instrument upon which a virtuoso called "conductor" performs with a baton. Neither view is wholly defensible. But certain requirements of orchestral playing stand forth clearly, no matter which view you accept. The duties of a conductor cover both the technical achievements of the orchestra and the interpretation of the composition to be performed. Without adequate technic the interpretation cannot be accomplished. Therefore the perfection of the technic comes first.

Before playing begins the organization of the orchestra must be effected. It must contain the right number of instruments and the performers must be thoroughly competent. The orchestra of to-day is naturally the product of a long development, but its fundamental arrangement was settled as long ago as Beethoven's time, or early in the last century. The foundation of the orchestra is the body of strings—first and second violins, violas, cellos, and double basses. Usually first violins are about twice as many as the double basses. With sixteen firsts, there would be eight basses, ten cellos, ten violas, and twelve or, possibly, fourteen second violins. That would be a sound distribution. With these would go a wood-wind choir of two flutes (sometimes three), two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons. This choir would be increased at times, according to the demands of a composition. The conventional brass choir consists of four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, and tuba. Tympani (kettle-drums) complete the old-time symphony orchestra. Later works call for the addition of a harp, and still later a celesta. Of course all kinds of instruments of percussion are employed for occasional purpose. Richard Strauss in his "Don Quixote" even uses a wind machine, a thing customarily inhabiting the secret places "behind the scenes" in a theater.

Why all these instruments? To obtain variety of tonal characters, or, as we usually call them, tints. Now the reason why the body of strings must be the foundation of the orchestra is that it is a complete organization in itself, capable of performing compositions of large design and of furnishing a scale of great length and a large variety of tone color. Its scale runs from the low E of the double bass to the highest harmonic of the violins. Since it is possible to play an extended melody on the G string of a violin, which will impart to the melody a wholly different character from that which it would acquire if played on the A string of a cello or a viola, and since the melodic part may be allotted to any one of the instruments and the harmonies to the others, there need be no difficulty in understanding how much can be done with the string choir without aid from wind instruments.

But a melody may also be sung by any one of the instruments of the wood or brass choirs, each having a sharply defined tonal quality. Not only can the melody be thus varied, but the supporting harmonies can be endlessly modified, so that the musical atmosphere is incessantly changing. A melody sung by an oboe will have one effect if harmonized with other wood-wind instruments and another if harmonized with strings. Again, a phrase intoned by a flute can be much altered if, when repeated, it is played by a flute and a clarinet at the same time. In fact, the orchestral composer has at his command a marvelously rich palette of instrumental colors; and it is now generally recognized that too many contemporaneous musicians rely on color rather than design. But we may shun the temptation to discuss the art of the composer, since we are engaged in an examination of the traits of orchestral performance. In the employment of the instruments, then, the composer must seek ever to preserve a nice balance of tone, so that his melodic ideas are not buried, his orchestration not thick and muddy, nor his work obscure. Some of the instruments can easily overpower others. In distributing the notes of a chord the composer must consider this. But so must the conductor, for it is one of the most important parts of his duty to see that his orchestra plays so that balance of tone is preserved and that all the voice parts (as they are called) retain their correct relations.

Balance, then, is one of the first requirements of good orchestral playing. Perhaps the layman will get a clearer view of its importance if he turns aside from the orchestra for a moment and considers the singing of a quartette, or even a duet. One has no difficulty in realizing that the most important part of either is the tune, and that the other parts should not be allowed to overbalance this, and yet not go unheard. The orchestra is a much more complex affair than a vocal quartette, but nevertheless the melody is still the ruling part. It must always be revealed to the listener, and not buried in a mass of sounds which were intended to be subordinated to it. It occurs quite often that two or more melodies are to be heard simultaneously. In such a case good orchestral performance demands that they shall be heard in their proper proportion. Sensational conductors sometimes create astonishing effects by causing the secondary melody to assume the leading position. This distortion of the composer's balance is unpardonable; but think how easy it is for a conductor to divert public attention thus from the composer to himself! Mr. Mengelberg is especially given to playing tricks with the inner voices, as they are called, while I have known Mr. Stransky to succeed in getting through an entire symphony of Brahms without allowing them to be heard at all, which is in itself a highly remarkable achievement.

A clear presentation of an orchestral composition requires also precision and unanimity. The word "precision," as applied to orchestral playing, is accorded a technical meaning. It signifies the exactness of the attack of a phrase and also the exactness of its completion. All the instruments concerned in the utterance of the phrase must begin it at the same instant and must finish it in the same manner. Some writers on music denominate these two items as "attack" and "release," which are suitable and comprehensible terms. Concert-goers who are not troubled with inquiring minds are moved to great admiration of those attacks and releases which are the

[1] Two articles by Mr. Henderson on the enjoyment of music have already appeared, and an article on singing is to be printed later.—The Editors.

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Wide World Photos

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Josef Stransky conducting, in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York. The concert was transmitted to the radio tower above the hall, whence it was broadcast

most easily executed. For example, audiences seem to be gently electrified by a series of crisp, staccato chords, such as occur toward the end of many orchestral compositions. As a matter of fact, such chords are very seldom badly played. The attack and the release are almost simultaneous, and the speed and force of the impact of the attack makes it easy of achievement. Perfect attacks and releases in sustained passages are more difficult of execution, but are less readily perceived by casual listeners.

Unanimity becomes a technical term when it is applied to orchestral musicians' perfection in keeping together in every portion of a phrase between the attack and the release. A want of unanimity need not be great in order to mar orchestral performance. A mere fraction of difference in the time of beginning the second and third and fourth notes of a phrase will cause that phrase to sound thick, cloudy, uncertain. The balance of tone and the clarity of utterance are injured. Without perfect unanimity no orchestra can excel in rhythm, and even the merest tyro in music knows that rhythm is the heartbeat of its life. Without unanimity brilliancy of performance is impossible. The whole tone of the orchestra becomes dull and opaque, simply because combinations of tones meant to be heard simultaneously are not so heard. Precision and unanimity can be attained only by arduous rehearsal. No finished and brilliant performance can be brought about by haphazard methods. I heard a performance of "Lohengrin" in Baireuth once with Siegfried Wagner conducting and the two ends of the orchestra never together. It was a great experience.

A feature of orchestral playing seldom mentioned is flexibility. The music should not give an impression of rigidity. It should flow like a stream. A want of flexibility may sometimes be traced to bad playing, but is more likely to be caused by inefficient conducting. A conductor of pedagogic temperament, beating time in a methodical and angular manner, will make an orchestra about as flexible as a company of German soldiers executing the goose-step.

The important matter of *nuance*, as we are accustomed to call it, because there is no exact English equivalent, is not entirely in the hands of the conductor. He of course should follow the indications in the score, but unless his orchestra is well trained in the gradations of force and time he will fail to get good results. The orchestra needs a certain amount of training before its members will all be of one mind about what constitutes a *pianissimo* and what a full *forte*.

The most misapprehended attachment of an orchestra is the conductor. His duties are numerous, but most of them are discharged, not in the presence of the admiring and wondering public, but at rehearsal. Before beginning his rehearsals the conductor must master the score. He must saturate himself with it. His first and most important duty is to find what Wagner called the "melos," by which that master sought to indicate the melodic fiber of the composition. Hand in hand with this goes the harmonic plan of the work, and the cooperation of the two constitutes the structure of the composition. When the conductor has thoroughly assimilated these, he must determine how they are to be made clear to an audience. In this process he builds what is called a "reading," or, in other words, his interpretation of the work.

It is by no means a matter of course that a conductor has everything clear in his mind when he goes to meet his orchestra. But it is undeniable that he ought to have. An orchestra of eighty or ninety good performers is about the most responsive machine on which a man can operate. All you have to do is to tell them plainly what you desire them to do, and they will do it. But not every conductor can answer this requirement. The really great conductor is he who completely masters the score before going to the first rehearsal and meets the orchestra prepared to explain precisely how he wishes each phrase played. Orchestral musicians have two simple expressions of their views about conductors. They are: "He knows what he wants" and "He does not know what he wants." For the orchestral player the conductor who does not know what he wants is the burden of a troubled existence. The musicians do not wish to hear lectures on the philosophy of the composition nor poetic rhapsodies about its beauties. All they wish to hear is, "The trumpets very *moderato* there, if you please, and as thin a tone as possible—celli, kindly let me have that *sforzando* a little exaggerated—broaden out the *ritardando* here, please."

The musicians of the Philharmonic Society used to say of Anton Seidel that when he went to a rehearsal of a Brahms symphony he was without any idea at all. All that has been changed. Every conductor to-day has ideas about Brahms, and all of them different. You would not believe that Brahms had so many styles if you did not go to all the orchestral concerts. For it is indisputable that Stransky and Coates, Mengelberg and Damrosch, Stokowski and Bodanzky, Gabrilowitch and Stock, each has his readings of the symphonies of the famous master, and no two of them are alike. Whereby Brahms becomes an uncertain quantity in the mind of the music lover, but the glory of Stransky, Bodanzky, Mengelberg, Damrosch, *et al.*,

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becomes clearly defined and each shines refulgent in his own part of the musical heavens.

When the performance of orchestral music takes place, the conductor first of all beats time because eighty men, distributed over a wide space and certainly not able to hear everything perfectly, cannot play exactly together unless some one leads them. Secondly, the conductor must give the entrances. This means that when any instrument or body of instruments ceases to play for some measures he must warn them when they are to come in again. Naturally, the men count their rests and can come in for themselves, but the whole orchestra feels more certain when one mind guides it.

The part of conducting which is called pantomimic or graphic is the part most viciously abused. Most of the excited gesticulation and theatrical demonstrations employed by musical directors is charlatanism and nothing else. It means absolutely nothing to the musician. On the contrary, it confuses them and in the long run "gets on their nerves" and ruins the tonal quality and clarity of balance in that orchestra. These poetic prancings on the public platform are prepared wholly for the gullible audience, which loves to believe that some frenetic brandishing of the arm shook the *forte* out of the brass or some serpentine contortion of the body transformed the wood wind into a flock of murmuring doves.

There is nothing in it. Conducting is a musical, not an acrobatic or terpsichorean performance. To believe that all this is the result of seething temperament publicly inspiring the great master is childish. The operation of the conductor's imagination, temperament, musicianship, and artistic taste takes place chiefly in his study of the score at home and his gradually intensifying appreciation of the composer's purposes The conductor who has dramatic feeling will get dramatic results, but not by translating his conceptions into a moving-picture show.

And, in the final analysis, we are driven back upon the dictum of Wagner, that the first duty of a conductor is to find the correct *tempo*. Any amateur can test the importance of this declaration by playing some familiar piece on his piano at different speeds. He will quickly learn that it always sounds wrong except when played at the long-established *tempo*. This is incontestably true of every great masterpiece, whether it be a Mozart serenade or Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." And that is why the critical writers speak so often about such and such a conductor's *tempi*. If the *tempo* is wrong, nothing else can come right. But let the correct *tempo* be established and much of the phrasing and accentuation will take care of itself.

THE SUPPER CLUB'S MANUAL[1]

BY EDWIN M. BROOKS

THE exhilarating pleasure of presiding over a club supper is comparable to that of driving a spirited team or conducting a brilliant orchestra, and its responsibilities are not less. The president is under heavy responsibility to the speaker, who at sacrifice of time and energy has come from a distance to deliver his best intellectual product. He is under responsibility to the members, who expect him to see that all activities, facilities, and resources are so co-ordinated that supper, music, and lecture may be enjoyed under conditions as near perfection as can be obtained. The members expect that the supper will be served punctually and efficiently, and for any failure in this the president is accountable. The members expect that if there is anything in the character and public or private performance of any of their number that lends itself to innocent and humorous comment by the president or other members the opportunity will not be overlooked. Every democratic group contains a number of humorous persons who can both indulge in and provoke waggish by-play, to the amusement of the on-lookers. A supper club is especially ready for such diversion. Impromptu witticisms from the assembly are received with instant demonstrations of popular approval and delight. It has been our custom, after holding the annual election, to call the roll of all the new officers, men and women, and have them ascend the platform, to be severally and collectively surveyed and admired by the assembly. Then the new president makes a graceful inaugural speech. On one such occasion, after several men and women, newly elected, had taken their places on the platform, with polite applause but without special comment, the next woman to ascend was a bride of not many months—one whom nature had liberally endowed. When she ascended the platform and had taken her place with the others, the voice of the bridegroom was heard to exclaim with the fervent emphasis of sincere satisfaction and pride, "That is what I call a good-looking platform." On one occasion, when the club first met after a fire which destroyed the hall in which its meetings had been customarily held, one of the members, who happened to be the chief wag of the club at the time, came forward and privately told the president that during the fire he had bethought himself of a certain historical relic and had gone into the building and rescued it. He said perhaps the club would be interested to know that the relic had been saved and would like to see it. At an appropriate time the president, in serious and sympathetic tones, said: "The chair is informed that this valuable historical relic (which he holds in his hand) was saved from the recent fire by Mr. Tomlinson. He is further informed that, in order to save it, Mr. Tomlinson performed an act of great heroism; he rushed into the blazing building when the fire was at its height, at great peril of his life—*and with the entire approval of his family.*"

Nothing succeeds like success, and when such a club has come to be recognized as a clearing-house for local wit and repartee the function of the presiding officer is not difficult. It is largely a negative one—he must lay to heart the duty to refrain from lengthy and boresome remarks, from prosaic announcements, from anything that would seem to countenance the impression that he or any members of the club have any serious purpose in life or feel any special responsibility other than to be kindly disposed towards one's neighbors and to enjoy the fleeting moments as they pass.

Among the rules that any manual for guidance of presidents should include are the following. First, have one officer, a man of discretion, whose sole duty in life it is to see that the place of assembly is well heated and well ventilated. A few members who have too much blood will find that excessive warmth makes them peevish. Do not let the room get so warm as to sacrifice the sympathetic interest of these. On the other hand, if the room is too cold a chill will pervade the meeting, congeal its fountains of joy, and work irreparable damage to the prestige of the club. Thus your heat-and-ventilation officer must steer between Scylla and Charybdis, and he must be a good navigator and a tactful one, not easily blown from his course by any gusts of pernicious propaganda. If he errs, it must be on the side of warmth. A slight surplus of heat is better than a deficit. An audience engaged in the process of donning wraps and overcoats is not to be regarded as experiencing a deep sense of the joy of living. At sight of such a spectacle the speaker of the evening would rather hear a motion to adjourn *sine die* than an introduction. On the other hand, an audience feeling physically comfortable will be quick to relish humor and will create an atmosphere of complacency which will stimulate the speaker to his best and happiest performance.

Have one officer, a man of decision and authority, whose duty it is to see that door-hinges are well oiled, doors, hallways, and anterooms well monitored

[1] Another article on the Supper Club appeared in last week's issue.—The Editors.

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by frowning friends of order and quiet, so that during delicate musical numbers, recitals of tender romance, and the humor and eloquence of the orator of the evening the attention of the audience shall not be distracted by late comers or early goers, or by the unpoetical and uninspiring clatter of faithful workers who are striving to bring order out of chaos in the department of pots and kettles.

Lighting is important in the attainment of full sociability. The room must be brightly, not sparingly, lighted. The lighting of the platform must be beyond possibility of criticism. The speaker's countenance must be well illuminated, so that its varied power to express and interpret thought and mood will not be lost upon the audience. He must have every advantage from light, just as much as a great actor on the stage. To neglect this point is to be infinitely wasteful of artistic possibilities. Charles Lamb, in whimsical speculation about the cave men, suggests how weird it must have been when, in the darkness of the cave, one of them would give utterance to a bit of humor and "then would feel around in the dark for the smile of appreciation." Your club audience should not be left unnecessarily in any enigma or half-light of understanding by reason of any shadow or deficit of light on the speaker's countenance. They must not be in doubt as to whether a sentiment is accompanied by a smile, a frown, or a tear. Further, there must not be, in the direct vision of the audience, any unscreened platform light. The audience are entitled to absolute eye comfort. If the audience are required in observing the speaker to face an unprotected light, the speaker will fail substantially of the pleasurable effect which his address might have given had the lighting been properly supervised.

Again, a good presiding officer who would have his dynasty go down into favorable memory must have a heart so full of kindly purpose that he will habitually feel moved to bestow liberal praise when it is just. There is not great risk of excess, and the damage in excess is negligible. In introducing a speaker (whose character and ability he knows, from having inquired about him, before inviting him to appear) the president should not be niggardly with superlatives. The speaker should not be introduced as coldly as though he were a public enemy. The use of complimentary language is helpful to the atmosphere of the occasion and stimulates the speaker to his best. It flatters the pride of the audience and puts its faculties at eager attention, as it knows that it is about to be addressed by a great man; and it gives conceit to the speaker to learn that his fame has preceded him and that he has the established reputation of being a great man. Conceit is a wonderful lubricant and makes for the free, effective, and pleasurable exercise of the faculties. Indeed, it is more. It is a positive motive power, an energizing force that animates and gives tone to the intellect and impels it to high creative effort. Then (so the truth be not transgressed) let your speaker and his audience rest under no underappraisal of his history and capacity. I have been somewhat addicted to liberality in bestowing compliment. One of my more friendly critics has said that I "lay it on with a trowel." On one occasion, when I had strained my vocabulary of commendatory adjectives to its limit, I turned to this critic and asked her if I had "laid it on with a trowel." She more than hinted I had used a shovel. Since then I have tried to be a little more restrained and temperate, although it is difficult to be so when one is conscious, on the one hand, of the excellence of the audience that our club offers to its speakers, and, on the other hand, of the really distinguished talent of the men and women whom we have persuaded to be our guests. A former executive, of whom I once heard it suggested that he was over-liberal in praise, received on retiring from office a somewhat cryptic question from one of his keen-minded friends. She said: "Have you told your successor who your florist is?" Then added, "You have been pretty generous, you know, with your bouquets." But let one point be clear. There can be no tolerance of *misplaced* praise. When a person is worthy of praise, let praise be given heartily, not with caution or nice measurement. When he is not worthy of praise at all, let no praise be given. But this contingency seldom arises to embarrass a presiding officer in our club, as most of the members have qualities or capacities that commend them to the favorable thought of their contemporaries.

Introducing is at best a somewhat perilous art. How often we have been bored by some prominent citizen ("self-made and therefore probably half-made," as Holmes said) who presides at a public meeting and introduces a distinguished visitor. How often we have muttered to our better and wiser halves we wished he would stop and give the speaker of the evening a chance. No unmarried man should be a presiding officer. The intimate and stimulating suggestions that come from a spouse, across the teacups, as to the proper way to deport one's self when presiding over an assembly cannot be duplicated by the unaided cogitations of a bachelor or by the kindness of friends, whose advice is usually inhibited or denatured by the conventions and by the desire not to destroy friendship by brutality of candor. The faithful wounds of friends cannot be counted on, any more than they can be enjoyed. The spouse, however, is not hampered by the amenities of friendship and can indulge in photographic and historical accuracy, and what she does she does in love. I owe it to Dulcinea's wifely admonitions that I was restrained from the repetition of presidential transgressions, and so was able to hold the chair until the end of my term without incurring impeachment or violent storm of faction. One advantage of a club of mixed membership is that the president's spouse can be in attendance and by the use of a Morse code can assist her master in treading the strait and narrow way to success in the chair. Dulcinea has a slight throat affection which, I have observed, is likely to become a bit aggravated when I become ruthless as to the conventions or linger too long in arid wastes of speech. Brevity is the soul of wit, especially in introductions. You will be forgiven everything if you are brief. But if you have wit or grace, there is no better place to exercise it than in an introduction. Joseph Choate is said to have introduced Wendell Phillips to an annual meeting of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa by saying, "I now present Wendell Phillips, who, whenever he speaks, is always the orator of the day."

A supper club should hold its feasts on Friday evening. On that evening the tide of friendly sentiment reaches its flood. The only error that Robert Burns made in his interpretation of the human heart was in entitling his poem "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It should have been "Friday Night." The peak of social felicity is reached on Friday evening. That is our time of greatest joy. Then the week-end break in the life of toil is sufficiently near to be more than a distant hope. Yet we have not then commenced to spend and lose its treasure of opportunity for freedom and recreation. The major responsibilities of the week have passed—new enterprises are not taken up on Saturday—and mind and spirit are free and eager to enjoy an evening of sociability and diversion.

It is not necessary to maintain an organized claque. It is desirable, however, that a few judicious spirits of the club be impressed with the idea that artistic and oratorical performers will do their best if the audience is manifestly one of sufficient warmth to show by its applause that it desires encores and enjoys eloquent or witty passages. Both speakers and artists, especially when their services are given without money compensation, are entitled to a liberal stipend of applause. Applause is also good for the audience. If there are any icy hearts left after the ministrations of the supper committee are concluded, the sound and spectacle of a large company of their neighbors engaged in giving applause are likely to melt them. Generous applause amalgamates an audience in a spirit of cordial fellowship and wholesome pride. They thus proclaim that they are of the élite who appreciate and patronize the best performances of intellect and art.

Dr. Johnson said that most friendships are "leagues of folly or confederations of vice." As one who found release from his gloom and free play for his spirit at the table of the Mitre, he would not extend this harsh appellation to a good supper club. Rather, he would describe it as a beneficent institution, "both liberal and noble."

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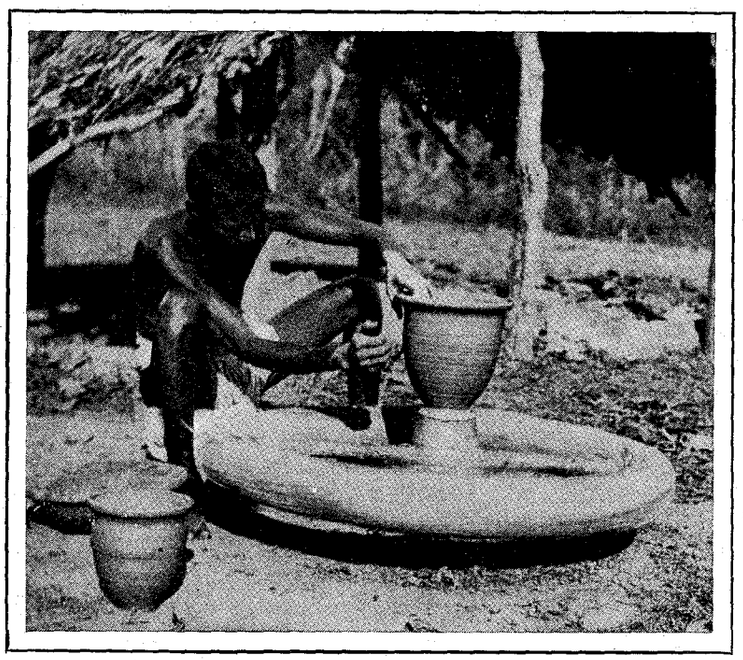
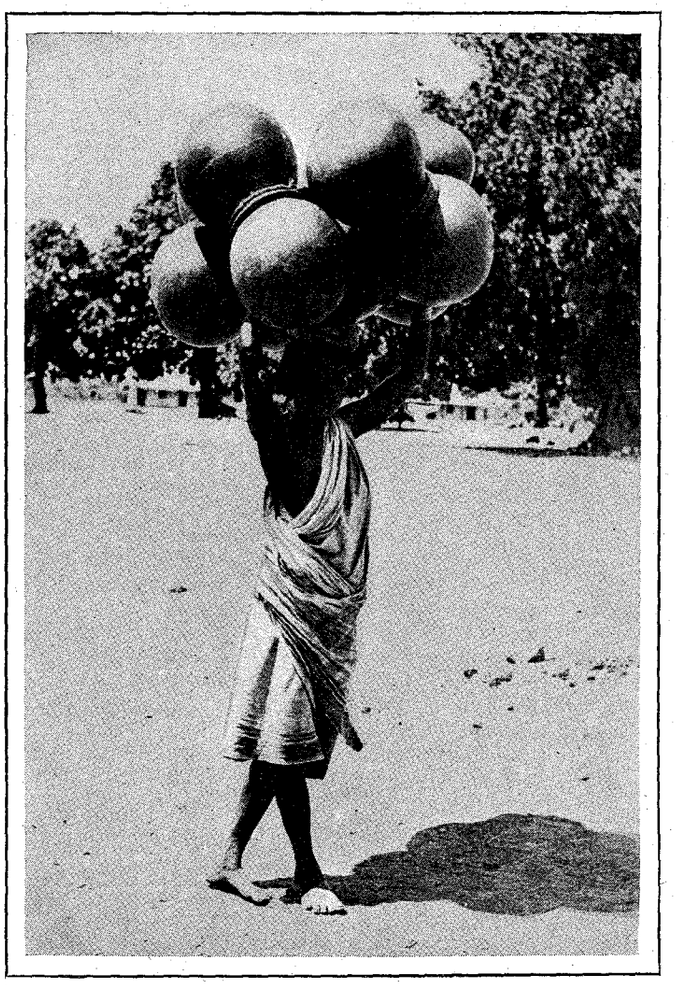
THE POTTER AND HIS VESSELS

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



THE POTTER AT WORK MAKING "CHATTIES"

The potter's wheel is a framework of sticks, the rim being plastered with mud and straw, in order to provide weight. There is a pivot on the bottom of the hub, on which the wheel is set spinning rapidly by means of a stick, used as though stirring a kettle. On top of the hub is placed a ball of mud, which is shaped with the hands, and the "chattie" has then reached its first stage. These pictures were made in the province of Chota Nagpur, Presidency of Bengal, India, 155 miles west of Calcutta



TAKING "CHATTIES" TO MARKET

These "chatties," after all the labor and time involved in making them and notwithstanding a high percentage of loss in burning, are sold at from five to eight pice each—2½ to 4 cents

From P. C. Kuegle, Youngstown, Ohio

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THE BOOK TABLE

POEMS AND LYRICS[1]

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

THE kinship between Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman is manifest not so much in certain objective treatments of their poetic material as in a deeper consciousness of the dark and serious business of life shared by both of them. The ironic note, developed more fully in the work of Hardy, is fainter in the poems of Housman; indeed, it is difficult to draw the line between the latter poet's pessimism and his ironic acceptance of certain facts. His nature is not so robust as that of Hardy. The note is thinner; he approaches death in a sadly contemplative mood:

In the nation that is not
  Nothing stands that stood before;
There revenges are forgot,
  And the hater hates no more;
Lovers lying two and two
  Ask not whom they sleep beside
And the bridegroom all night through
  Never turns him to the bride.

It is the regret of life, a recognizance of the pathetic fallacy of death, that stirs Housman so poignantly. He sighs for rose-lipped maidens and light-foot lads. The deplorable madness of war and its romantic clutch upon youth arouse him to those carefully combed stanzas that become so impressive almost because of their simplicity. Regret, the nostalgia for passing things, stirs sadly behind the verses. He'll to the woods no more—

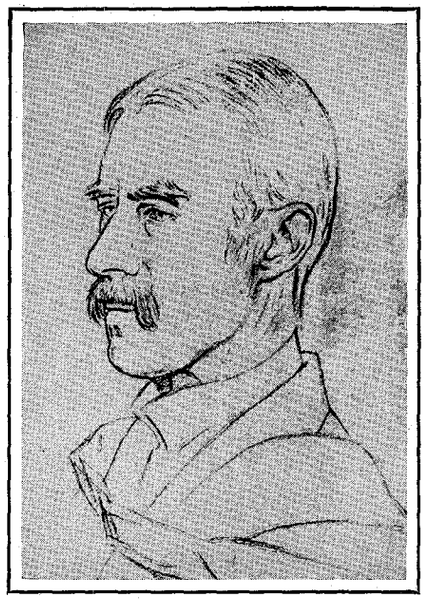
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of May
That once the Muses wore.

But Hardy is different. He, too, regards with evident pain the futility of existence beneath the shadow of an unknown thing. Life, however, does not call to him so tearfully as it does to Housman. His irony is his armor, and, though at times his laughter becomes discordant and cruel, it always saves him from lachrymose attitudes. He can say:

I never cared for Life: Life cared for
  me,
And hence I owe it some fidelity.
It now says, "Cease; at length thou
  hast learnt to grind
Sufficient toll for an unwilling mind,
And I dismiss thee—not without re-
  gard
That thou didst ask no ill-advised
  reward,
Nor sought in me much more than
  thou couldst find."

Those lines are headed "Epitaph" in Mr. Hardy's latest, and possibly his last, book of poems, "Late Lyrics and Earlier." Coming, as this book does, almost simultaneously with "Last Poems," by A. E. Housman, manifestly that writer's last book, it offers an unusual opportunity of comparison. Both men move in a great tradition. Both of them were rebels to that tradition. Both turned their backs upon the mellifluous Victorianism that witnessed their approach to maturity. They adjusted their visions to a brave observation of life as it really was with the romantic veils torn away. In a certain sense, both of them were realists. But I am inclined to believe that the spiritual disturbance over life and its mystery is more emphatic in the work of Thomas Hardy than it is in that of Housman. Hardy believed in a cold acceptance of actualities, but this was far from pessimism, for he never wholly despairs over existence. He declared in a poem, "If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst," and it is because he stares so fixedly at the Worst that we denominate him a pessimist. As he himself remarks, his mind is concerned with "evolutionary meliorism." He believes that if we know the Worst we may in some measure ameliorate it. At the same time he always reserves the right to doubt, and he frankly speaks of "the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life." There is an ironic note here, and throughout practically the entire bulk of his work (except when he is merely farcical) this irony may be observed. Indeed, the very nature of the man is ironic. Still irony is on a higher plane than pessimism. Anybody can be pessimistic; it takes a genius to be actually ironic.

At the same time pessimism may be translated into a beautiful and lyrical mood, and this is what Housman does. His clean, incisive stanzas are weighted with an undemonstrative beauty, and if this beauty becomes at times the dark shadow of ominous wings it is none the less a beauty that holds the heart and raises a lump in the throat. All beauty is sad; it is as sad in the work of Hardy as it is in that of Housman. But behind the beauty in Hardy's verses functions the inevitable brain; it is more cerebral, more dominated by a conscious prodding of inquiring will. This is not so with Housman. His thought is rich, but it never rises beyond a sad hazard at things. He is gravely lyrical, and this is one of his prime beauties. Hardy, on the other hand, delivers himself of a broken melody. It is not spontaneous; the reader feels a profound intelligence doggedly tearing its way toward a musical utterance. But that utterance, once reached, haunts the reader as much as do the more felicitously turned verses of Housman.



A. E. HOUSMAN

From a Drawing in "Twenty-Four Portraits," by William Rothenstein (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

The inevitable comparison between "Last Poems" and "A Shropshire Lad" must be made, and it can hardly pain Housman to realize that the last book is no better than the volume which preceded it by twenty-six years. Housman, the poet, existed in the 1890's, and "Last Poems" is but a gift flung forward from that time. This later book may be regarded as an addition to the first. Nothing in it is quite so fine as the best utterances in "A Shropshire Lad," but for all of that it is cut from the same cloth. Indeed, the mood is amazingly the same as that in the older book. One reason of course for this is the fact that many of these poems which have just been published were written back in those early days. How well this small piece would have fitted in the former volume:

Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough
  The land and not the sea,
And leave the soldiers at their drill,
And all about the idle hill
  Shepherd your sheep with me.

Oh stay with company and mirth
  And daylight and the air;
Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave
  And died because they were.

Like many of Housman's poems, these words fall lightly on the ear, and it is not until one stops to think about them that the perfection of phrasing and quiet poignancy of thought in the last three lines begin to manifest their magic. This subdued art, this mastering of a form until it reaches the high beauty of simplicity, this handling of ordinary words in a manner to transform them, is part of the secret of Housman's poetry. How easy it is to remember phrases from "A Shropshire Lad," such as "Runners whom renown outran and the name died before the man," or "By brooks too broad for leaping the light-foot lads are laid," in which nothing but the simplest words are used, and yet

[1] Last Poems. By A. E. Housman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.
Late Lyrics and Earlier. By Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

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they are strung together with such a pale high tenderness that the heart almost stops at their poignancy. The same is true of "Last Poems," although to a lesser degree. The tone of the first book —part of it a deep pity for mankind—is carried on. At times, although seldom, a brighter color, a more Oriental imagination, starts from the pearl-gray shadowy woof of the book. Such a brief flare of color may be found in these lines, for instance:

West and away the wheels of darkness roll,
Day's beamy banner up the east is borne,
Specters and fears, the nightmare and her foal,
Drown in the golden deluge of the morn.

But over sea and continent from sight
Safe to the Indies has the earth conveyed
The vast and moon-eclipsing cone of night,
Her towering foolscap of eternal shade.

See, in mid-heaven the sun is mounted; hark,
The belfries tingle to the noonday chime.
'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark
Has crossed the nadir, and begins to climb.

No one can deny the imagination exemplified in the last two lines of the second stanza of this poem. But it is not often that Housman goes out of his way to perfect such phrasing. Rather does his magic depend on the unexpected turn of the simple phrase.

The "lightfoot" Shropshire lads that move through the poetry of Housman travel always in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The grim specter looms ever at their sides, ready to trip them up in the race, to scream at them from the rushing bullet, to lay them low when brains and eyes are at their brightest. Turning to the poetry of Thomas Hardy, we find that his Wessex lads also pass through a dark valley, but it is not so much that of death as of disillusionment. There is more characterization in Hardy's work. Stories are told; anecdotes are presented; individuals are painted. In "Late Lyrics and Earlier" the reader will discover a wealth of poetry and, perhaps, Hardy at his very finest as a poet. This is not so amazing when we recollect that these poems do not represent merely the closing years of a rich life, but are collected from all periods of that existence. The closing poems are there, poems that indicate that Hardy has reached the final stage of his development. How tenderly and yet how whimsically he acknowledges the young and fiery bloods that would thrust him into the limbo of out-moded things! His special message for them may be found in "An Ancient to Ancients," in which he says:

We who met sunrise sanguine souled,
Gentlemen,
Are wearing weary. We are old;
These younger press; we feel our rout
Is imminent to Aides' den,—
The evening's shades are stretching out,
Gentlemen!
And yet, though ours be failing frames,
Gentlemen,
So were some others' history names,
Who trod their track light-limbed and fast
As these youth, and not alien
From enterprise, to their long last,
Gentlemen.

Sophocles, Plato, Socrates,
Gentlemen,
Pythagoras, Thucydides,
Herodotus, and Homer,—yea,
Clement, Augustin, Origen,
Burnt brightlier towards their setting day,
Gentlemen.

And ye, red-lipped and smooth-browed; list,
Gentlemen;
Much is there waits you we have missed;
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,
Much, much has lain outside our ken:
Nay, rush not: time serves: we are going,
Gentlemen.

Although the bower shrined to Tennyson is roof-wrecked and she for whom the rhymes were written is dust, no one can observe the departure of this Ancient without a catch at the throat. He dominates an entire period of letters, although it has been evident in poetry but of recent years. He, the creator of Tess, of Jude, of Bathsheba, of Henchard, about to depart? One gazes about at the younger men and wonders who will ever occupy that lofty seat.

"Late Lyrics and Earlier" contains all those peculiar ingredients that have already made Hardy's poetry so individual. There is the same ironical twist to stories that otherwise would merely be Macaber. Death dances through the mazes of life's flutterings. With an acrid penetration the poet pierces the mask of things and touches the white bone behind. And running always side by side with his love of character portrayal and philosophical expression is that love of nature, of flowers and wet fields and soil. He is essentially a tragedian, but he is an ironic tragedian. Housman, on the other hand, must be termed a romantic and lyrical tragedian. A sharp analysis of Hardy's last book would, I think, show that his virtues have been transcended and his faults have been minimized. In other words, he is in sure control of his instrument, and "Late Lyrics and Earlier" becomes his best book of poems. An example from this book of Hardy at his best, telling a poignant tale and illuminating it with the last four beautiful lines, may be found in this poem called "The White-washed Wall:"

Why does she turn in that shy soft way
Whenever she stirs the fire,
And kiss to the chimney-corner wall,
As if entranced to admire
Its white-washed bareness more than the sight
Of a rose in richest green?
I have known her long, but this raptured rite
I never before have seen.

—Well, once when her son cast his shadow there,
A friend took a pencil and drew him
Upon that flame-lit wall. And the lines
Had a lifelike semblance to him.
And there long stayed his familiar look;
But one day, ere she knew,
The whitener came to cleanse the nook,
And covered the face from view.

"Yes," he said: "My brush goes on with a rush,
And the draught is buried under;
When you have to whiten old cots and brighten,
What else can you do, I wonder?"
But she knows he's there. And when she yearns
For him, deep in the laboring night,
She sees him as close at hand, and turns
To him under his sheet of white.

The secret of great poetry, beyond all analysis, is in these verses. The verses are simple enough and so is the phrasing, yet something transforms them into a magic that is Hardy's own. Other pieces give the same effect; for instance, there is the poem called "On a Discovered Curl of Hair," or, as another example, "A Woman Driving." The book, as a whole, is essentially somber; more so, perhaps, than those which have preceded it; but it is a high somberness, a quality removed far above mere pessimism. The personality which it displays is one that is always attuned to the delicate hints and advances of beauty, although the stark note at times reaches the majesty of ancient Greek utterance.

Two statements, one from each book, should call forth dismay in the minds of poetry lovers. Mr. Housman declares, "It is not likely that I shall ever be impelled to write much more," and Mr. Hardy writes, "I believe that those readers who care for my poems at all—readers to whom no passport is required —will care for this new installment of them, perhaps the last, as much as for any that have preceded them." Both men imply that their last books lie before their readers. For men (and women) who came to maturity in the late nineties there is something in these statements that hurts. One can but think sadly of the last four lines in Mr. Housman's book:

To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

At least they go trailing clouds of glory, and, though they walked in shadowy ways, there is something in their aristocratic indomitability of purpose that must flare as a beacon for generations of younger writers. They were true to their art, and their accomplishment has been of single issue—an uncompromising achievement of beauty as they saw it. And though they doubted—the gods should be good to them.

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BY THE WAY

NAPOLEON, like many other famous men, wrote an illegible hand. His let at St. Helena was also his amanusis, and in a posthumous book just blished tells this story of his troubles:

Many a time when I went to ask the Emperor what he had written, I would get, by way of answer: "What, mbecile, don't you know how to read?" "No, sire." "Yet it is written as clearly as though it were printed. Look!" "Sire, I have looked with all my eyes. I can't make out the word which your Majesty has written." The Emperor would look, too, but he would not prove more skillful than I. After trying in vain for a minute or two he would say to me, "Sit down there and write," and he would go to work to dictate to me a few phrases of a paragraph to take the place of the part where there were illegible words.

Apropos of Napoleon, a curious foot-ote to the history of the famous con-ieror appears in a New York paper ıder the heading "Asks Police to Find apoleon's Letter." The loser of the tter described it as having been writ-n by Napoleon on August 18, 1805, to ·e Austrian general Mack, on the occa-on of the latter's defeat. The French mperor, in admiration of the courage splayed by his vanquished opponent, ·esented him with a handsome gold ock and wrote a letter of appreciation · go with it. The clock passed through ·rious hands after the death of General ack, and had been bought in Berlin, ith the authenticating letter, by an merican collector for 7,000,000 marks, about $1,800. The collector lost his allet, containing the letter, while on is way to his home in San Francisco.

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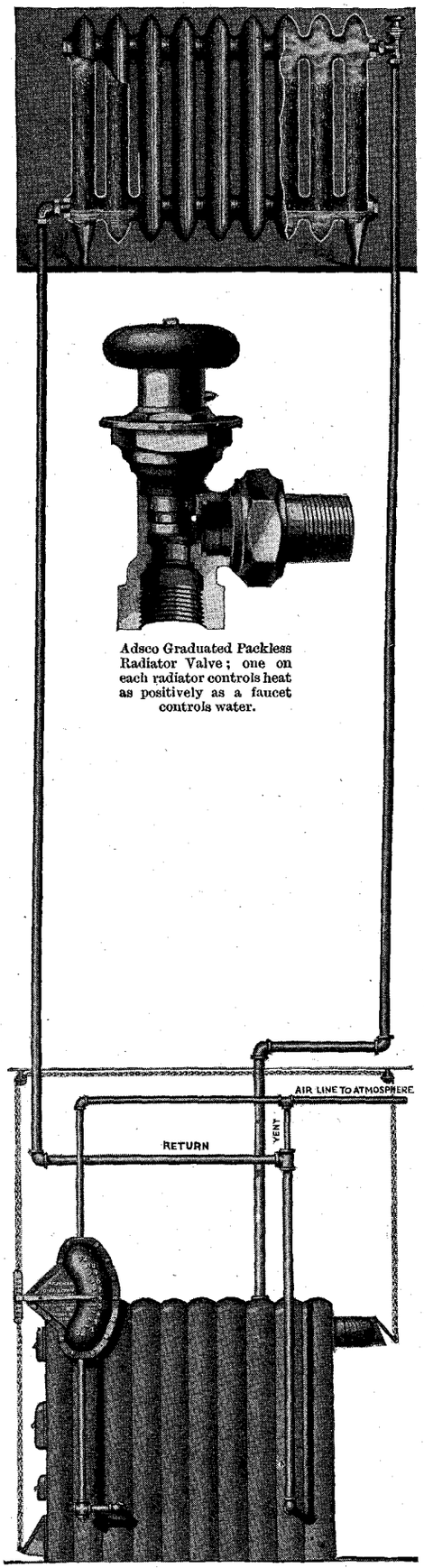
A railway man pleads in the "Railway ·ge" for better co-operation between ailway employees and railway manaers in the business of running a rail-·ay, and emphasizes the importance of ıutual helpfulness by this significant llustration: "A mule cannot pull while ıe is kicking, and cannot kick while he s pulling."

"The so-called reading public puts an lmost pathetic faith in the omniscience ɔf the librarian," says a member of that ɔrofession in the New York "Herald." 'Incidents like this are a daily occurence. 'Have you,' queries a woman, the book I took out last month?' 'What

(Continued on page 52)



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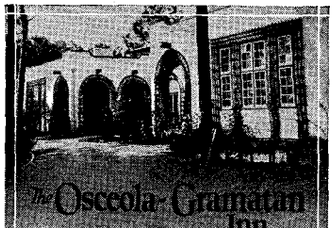

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COMPANION to elderly lady or semi-invalid after January 1, 1923, by middle-aged trained nurse. No objections to country. References. 3,115, Outlook.

NEW York or near—Englishwoman (lady) wants position February. Chaperon girl, or companion. Trained and experienced secretary—stenography and typewriting. Non-resident part time secretarial if desired. 3,141, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged widow, housekeeper or companion. 3,155, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged American lady seeks position, not menial, with cultured people. Europe fifteen years, Egypt four winters. Languages, expert needlewoman. 3,160, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged lady, refined, as companion-nurse. Good traveler. Would take charge of invalid or convalescent. 3,161, Outlook.

COMPANION, highly recommended, desires position. State salary. 3,157, Outlook.

COMPANION, chaperon, home-maker, by woman of exquisite taste. Charge of motherless children, understands selecting proper clothes and foods; or would be invaluable in tea room and selecting old furniture and china. 3,165, Outlook.

WOMAN of education, used to caring for large home of her own, and understanding management of children, invalids, and servants, desires position of responsibility. 3,164, Outlook.

COMPANION-nurse, practical, good housekeeper, wishes adult invalid patient. Refined woman; Protestant. New York or Brooklyn only. Reference. 3,166, Outlook.

COMPANION, secretary, chaperon to older girls—Refined Danish society lady, educated in Paris, speaking perfect English, French, and German, wishes position. Fond of sports. Would like to travel. Excellent references. 3,169, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CULTURED gentlewoman as companion, chaperon. Highest credentials, moderate salary. Would travel for expenses only. 3,168, Outlook.

TWO refined sisters wish position in small private family as cook and second girl. Not servant type. 3,171, Outlook.

COMPANION to lady. Refined, adaptable, assist care of home; competent sewer; traveled. Country. 3,175, Outlook.

COMPANION—Business woman of broad experience desires position as companion to lady or family traveling in the Orient. 3,177, Outlook.

COMPANION or music governess. Middle-aged high-grade vocal teacher, singer, pianist. Refined experience; broad understanding; take charge or general interest in high class home. References. 3,176, Outlook.

REFINED young woman, college graduate, wishes position as traveling companion. 3,173, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

THEOLOGICAL student, Episcopal, desires position tutor-companion with boy going abroad. Available June to September. 3,152, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, teacher, highly recommended, good linguist. Backward children thoroughly trained. State salary. 3,156, Outlook.

YOUNG man, recent college graduate, some experience teaching, wants position after January 1 in high school, private or public school near Philadelphia. Good credentials. Address Hayward, 508 South Orange St., Media, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples References. 309 West 99th St.

GRADUATE nurse and physician will take into their home and care for small children References exchanged. 3,112, Outlook.

PARENTS wishing to place two little girls between ages of 8 and 12 years in a good home on farm (centrally located, with modern conveniences), with instruction given in French and music as well as the common branches, please write for particulars to 3,162, Outlook

ANTIQUE books published 1683 for sale. 3,167, Outlook.

PROFESSIONAL nurse owning luxurious home would like elderly couples or persons as guests or patients. Address 2,948, Outlook

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery 25 West 24th St., New York.

EXCELLENT private home and nursing for limited number tubercular patients. Special diets. Address 2,949, Outlook.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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So select your dentifrice carefully. Choose a safe one which will wash and polish the enamel, not one which will scour with harsh grit. Colgate's is safe—based on fine precipitated chalk and pure vegetable oil soap. The chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel, the pure vegetable oil soap washes them away.

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*See article on Biology by Professor William Keith Brooks, New International Encyclopedia, Vol. III, page 90.

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BY THE WAY—(*Continued*)

was the name?' you ask. 'Name? don't remember.' 'Do you know wh wrote it?' 'Oh, no,' she says—in fact they all say—'I never notice who write books, or if I do I never remember. . . . But,' she adds helpfully, 'it was abou this man, you know, and he falls in lov with this girl, or no, she falls in lov with him—' The librarian, if she ha had any experience at all, interrupt desperately here. 'Can't you think o the name of it?' 'No, no, of course not But—it had a green cover!' Poor soul you hate to look what you feel. Ther are 70,000 books in the library and abou 35,000 of them have been bound in green It's a great help. . . . She looks at yo reproachfully. 'I thought a library kep account of what books people take out,' she says in an injured voice. Th trained librarian does not attempt t explain the system."

The publishers as well as the libra rians have their troubles with peopl who forget the names of books; th Harvard University Press, it is said, ha been forced to recognize Kirsopp Lake's "Immortality and the Modern Mind" under various disguises such as "Th Immortality of the Model Mind" an "Immorality of the Modern Man."

"Pa, where was Babe Ruth born?" asks Young America as reported in the Denver "Parrakeet." "Couldn't tell you son." "Where was Jack Dempsey born?" "Don't know that either." "Pa, will you buy me a history of the United States?"

Switzerland, as befits her small area, has the smallest railway mileage of any important country of the world—about 3,300 miles. The once great empire of Austria is now credited with one of the smallest railway mileages—only about 4,000. The vast domain of China contains only about 6,800 miles of railway, while the still greater territory of Siberia has only about 10,600 miles.

The largest railway systems in the world are those of the United States—approximately 265,000 miles; of Canada, 40,000 miles; of British India, 36,000; and of Germany, which despite the losses of the war still has the largest mileage of Europe—about 35,000 miles.

Visitor (as reported by "Punch")—"I was so interested to hear that your son is engaged to the daughter of a clergyman."

Hostess—"Well, hardly a clergyman, my dear. My son's future father-in-law is a Bishop."

Casey and Kerrigan went to a fortune teller, according to an exchange that thinks "the old ones are the best." When the fortune teller was out of the room they found a bottle of whisky, which they drank. The fortune teller returned, discovered the empty bottle, and asked Casey: "Did you drink it?"

Casey said, "No."

"Did you drink it?" she asked Kerrigan.

"Come on," says Casey, "she's no fortune teller."

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